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CASH PRIZE CONTEST

See Page 59

MYSTERY MAGAZINE

DETECTIVE STORIES

DECEMBER 1, 1922 VOL. V № 121

FEATURING

A RADIO MYSTERY

by CAPT. JACK STATIC

MYSTERY MAGAZINE

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Please Read This

WE wish to call your attention to the Cash-Prize Contest which began in the preceding number of this magazine. Do not fail to cut out the coupons printed on page 59 and save them until the contest ends. If you can get more coupons from other readers of this publication you will stand a chance to win one of the prizes. The four people who send in the largest number will get all the cash. We are not giving very large prizes, but we intend to hand you genuine money. There is no humbug about any of our contests.

The feature story for the next number is entitled "The Clawing Death." It is a remarkably clever detective story and was written by the celebrated playwright Miss Beulah Poynter. While the title is somewhat gruesome, the plot is very interesting and will hold your interest from beginning to end. Among the short stories there will be one entitled "Twin Guards," by Harry Freeman Thompson, a gripping story with a surprise ending. Joe Burke contributes a short story called "Detective Mooney, Strategist," one of those forceful tales containing two headquarters detectives, who work out a case in a very interesting manner. Another story, "The Flying Auto," written by W. W. Hatfield, is a very unusual yarn on a novel subject.

There will be a number of other short stories, anecdotes, and articles on interesting subjects. Do not fail to get a copy of our next number. Tell your friends to take this magazine and read the splendid stories it contains.

THE EDITOR.

A Radio Mystery

by Capt. Jack Static

CHAPTER ONE

ODD VISITORS

A LIMOUSINE car, its curtains close drawn, once drew up at the steps of an ancient city hall.

The hour was nearing eleven of a busy Monday. The neighborhood was crowded with the usual hurrying throng of citizens whose business took them to various municipal departments and other citizens who had no ostensible business nor means of support, and found this an excellent place to spend their limitless leisure.

Several remarked the two unusual men who descended from a closed automobile.

Their formal dress was sufficient to attract attention.

They wore silk top-hats, black frock-coats, gloves, gray braided trousers and spats and carried canes. Their buttonholes sported twin boutonnieres.

They might have been ambassadors, visiting plenipotentiaries, or perhaps distinguished foreign financiers come to pay their respects to the mayor of one of the world's finest cities.

Formal morning dress of that sort, in that place and at that hour, indicated some event of unusual importance.

The man who left the car first was tall, black-haired and wore a short, sharply trimmed beard and waxed mustache.

As a few curious persons turned or stopped to gaze at him, he offered his arm to the one who followed.

Then a ludicrous thing happened.

As the second personage left the car—a smooth-shaven, florid-faced and handsome figure—he seemed to stumble.

In a twinkling of an eye he had fallen flat on his face on the pavement.

He lay perfectly supine, while his silk hat rolled into the gutter.

Some onlookers laughed at the ridiculous mishap. Others, more kindly disposed, moved forward hastily to give the fallen man a hand up.

But the man's companion waved them away.

"Stand back, please!" he commanded briskly. "I can take care of my friend."

He stooped and pulled the fallen figure to his feet rather roughly.

It was noticeable that he used but one hand in the operation. The other hand he had thrust under his frock-coat, and its fingers were busy there.

The fallen visitor straightened up, wabbling a little unsteadily.

A kind-hearted person rushed forward to proffer the fallen silk hat. The man's companion accepted the hat and placed it on his friend's head, brushed his clothes and offered his arm.

The man who had stumbled seemed stupefied. His head turned about slowly, surveying the crowd that was gathering. The eyes stared. The face remained expressionless, or rather set in that one expression of vague surprise.

"Come, come, Theodore," his companion said briskly; "we are late for our appointment with the mayor."

The person addressed as Theodore answered slowly in a voice notably resonant: "Very sorry! Most stupid of me! I must have tripped on the curb."

Then the two odd visitors proceeded to mount the steps of the city hall, while the clustered onlookers stared after them.

A facetiously inclined young man observed to his neighbor:

"Wow! That bird's been outside the three-mile limit or I miss my guess! He's stewed to the gills!"

"Spiffed is right," the other agreed.

"Them foreign noblemen certainly has got all the luck," a red-nosed wreck added wistfully. "I bet he's got a whole cellar full where that came from."

The light-hearted, facetious verdict of the majority was that one of the distinguished visitors, at least, had taken a glass too much of the brew which the Eighteenth Amendment has made contraband.

There was one person among them who did not agree.

He was a man of middle age, rather thick set, plainly dressed and somewhat old-fashioned in the matter of starched linen and black bow tie. His seamed, wrinkled face had a certain alert shrewdness and his eye a merry twinkle.

Detective Ford Markman was known to most people of position and influence in the city we refer to, but little known to the public. His fame rested securely on his ingenuity in unraveling crime mysteries which had baffled the police. But certainly nothing in his appearance was designed to attract or rivet attention.

He had observed the curious accident on the arrival of the two distinguished visitors and now proceeded to follow them up the stair and into the city hall to the office of the mayor.

The fact was that Markman was present that morning by invitation from his friend Michaelson, the czar of the Ajax vaudeville circuit. He was one of a few notables invited to witness a remarkable demonstration of which the shrewd purpose was unlimited free advertising for one of Michaelson's attractions on the current bill at the Ajax.

But even Detective Markman, following the strange visitors to the sacred inner office of the mayor, for all his noted shrewdness, had no inkling that he was to witness the opening chapter in one of the weirdest, most sensational police mysteries that ever disturbed the city.

CHAPTER TWO

THE MAYOR IS HOAXED

BY the time they reached the mayor's office there was nothing unseemly in the conduct or appearance of the two distinguished-appearing gentlemen. The man called Theodore, he who had fallen to the pavement, bore himself easily enough, and if his carriage was a trifle stiff and proud, it was not out of keeping with his dress and errand.

His companion had brushed all trace of dust from Theodore's clothing. He still kept his hand on Theodore's arm, and his right hand still was thrust negligently into the bosom of his frock-coat, while the fingers remained busy at some mysterious operation as the two men entered the mayor's anteroom.

Michaelson, the vaudeville manager, was waiting their arrival, and with him were a half-dozen newspaper reporters and as many newspaper cameramen, the commissioner of police and one or two other prom-

inent officeholders. None of these persons understood exactly the secret of the occasion, but Michaelson's promise that they would witness the biggest sensation of the year was sufficient to compel their attendance, for he was notable for making good his promises.

Michaelson greeted the man with the beard at his entrance as Doctor Fanning, and so introduced him to the others. Detective Markman, at the tail of the procession, was just entering the room when Doctor Fanning, addressing the group, said ceremoniously:

"Gentlemen, allow me to present to you Count Theodore Theodorovich, whose name may be known in your great city."

His companion, Count Theodore, bowed ceremoniously, and remarked in his peculiar resonant voice:

"Gentlemen, I am delighted to meet you and to be in your wonderful city."

The newspaper men exchanged shrewd glances.

The name was known to them, as indeed it was known to half the population of the city, for during a month previous the billboards and newspaper advertising columns had been filled with it. Everywhere the eye encountered this name coupled with the following announcement:

THE RADIO SENSATION!

Count Theodore Theodorovich
Unbelievably Amazing

This Climax of Human Ingenuity Will Be at the Ajax Theatre Two Weeks Beginning August 13.

Don't Miss Count Theodore!

Said one skeptic newspaper man to his mate:

"So that's Count Theodore! Well, what of it? Michaelson had better pull a smarter trick than this if he wants free publicity for his show."

"Let's wait and see," the other newspaper man suggested. "Maybe the show isn't over yet."

The show wasn't over!

A secretary just then entered the room and announced that the mayor would be pleased to receive Mr. Michaelson and the other visitors.

The little group, led by the whiskered Doctor Fanning and the much advertised count, entered the inner office of the mayor.

Michaelson again assumed the rôle of ceremonies.

"Mr. Mayor," he said, "may I present two famous gentlemen, Count Theodore Theodorovich and Dr. Albert Fanning of Constantinople?"

The mayor, unsuspecting and amiable, returned the deep bows of Doctor Fanning and his friend the count.

"I am very pleased to welcome you, gentlemen," he observed. "Any friends of my good friend Mr. Michaelson are not only my friends, but, I am sure, the friends of all in this city."

"And I assure you, Mr. Mayor, we come with no other purpose than friendship," Count Theodore observed promptly. "I count it an honor indeed to present my humble respects to so busy a man as the mayor of this metropolis of the great western world!"

The mayor thanked him. The two men continued to carry on a conversation in much the same strain, exchanging compliments of a florid nature.

At the end of five minutes the newspaper man who had looked skeptically at the famous Count Theodore yawned prodigiously and observed to his fellow reporter:

"Great suffering cats! Michaelson must be crazy to think there's news in a gabfest like this!"

Ford Markman, standing close beside him, answered:

"Hold on a minute, both you boys. I think there is news in this, something you don't want to miss. I think I have already guessed the secret of Count Theodore——"

Markman did not have time to complete his friendly advice. Something astonishing happened at that moment, so astonishing that the mayor and a half-dozen others cried out in one voice.

Count Theodore Theodorovich was standing close beside the mayor, continuing to converse with him in a notably elegant

manner, while the photographers, at Michaelson's urging, were taking their picture.

The count's companion and friend, Doctor Fanning, was in a far corner of the room, taking no active part in the scene.

The count's rounded sentences broke off amidships of a flight of oratory.

"Awrk, awrk, awrk—eek, eek, eek!" said the count, and suddenly collapsed in a limp heap, from which there continued to come a meaningless chatter of weird, crackling sounds.

The astounded mayor sprang to the side of his prostrate visitor.

"Call a doctor at once," he said sharply. "Quick! The count is ill!"

It was Michaelson who stopped a rush toward the outer door.

"Don't call a doctor!" he shouted. "Call an electrician!"

They turned to stare at him.

"That's what I said!" Michaelson repeated loudly. "If you want to help the count just call in an electrician, or maybe a good plumber or mechanic. Better yet, call in the world's greatest radio expert, Dr. Albert Fanning, there! Doctor Fanning, suppose you explain."

By way of explanation Doctor Fanning came out of the corner and seized the prostrate figure in both hands. Unceremoniously he dumped the form of Count Theodore Theodorovich flat on the big business desk of the mayor.

"Mr. Mayor and gentlemen of the press," Doctor Fanning began, "our friend the count is not ill. Simply I shut off the radio spark that animates him. See here!" The doctor opened his frock-coat wide and exposed, fastened to his vest, a black panel, on which was arranged several dozen small buttons. Coiled wires led from the panel to several places in Doctor Fanning's clothing.

"This thing," said the doctor, bumping the inanimate form hard against the table, "is not a man. It is an automaton—a lay figure, a puppet, in other words, that walks aid talks and behaves or misbehaves by means of the motors—my own invention—which are hidden inside. And those motors, gentlemen, receive their actuating current of electricity by the wireless wave or radio. This switchboard panel I wear contains all the buttons that move our friend Count Theodore. For instance——" Doctor Fanning touched several buttons in the panel in rapid succession.

The inanimate figure sprawling limply on the mayor's handsome desk sat bolt upright.

Those about it sprang back in alarm, so lifelike was the action.

"Mr. Mayor, my humblest regards to you, sir," it said gravely.

On the heels of these words the bogus count indecorously placed its hands on the table, bent its head and suddenly raised its heels aloft, standing on its head in the presence of the mayor and all the company.

Just as suddenly it slumped to the table top with a thud and lay inanimate again.

"You see?" smiled Doctor Fanning.

To further illustrate he drew a pocket knife and plunged the open blade into the arms and legs of the strangely lifelike toy.

"A puppet, nothing more," the doctor lectured. "Merely a demonstration of the science of telemechanics; that is, the art of telegraphing electrical energy without use of wires. 'Count Theodore' was invented by me for the purpose of exhibition in Mr. Michaelson's theatres, and I count it a triumph indeed if my invention deceived even so shrewd an observer as the gentlemen present."

As the astounding hoax became clear to them all a babel of talk and excited laughter broke out. The centre of all attention was Dr. Albert Fanning as he lectured briefly on his ingenious application of the laws of radio, known to an older generation as wireless telegraphy.

Even the mayor, indignant at first as he well might be, was obliged to declare gracefully that the joke was on him. He marveled at the mechanical and electrical ingenuity which had made a doll that would fool the most astute.

Detective Ford Markman, who seldom boasted, for once was moved to make a boast.

Markman caught the arm of the reporter he had advised so recently and crowed:

"I told you so! Told you to wait around, didn't I? Told you you'd find some news here. Yes, sir! In fact, I guessed it long ago, guessed the secret of our friend the radio count!"

Twenty-four hours after this boast Markman recalled it and blushed with shame.

While he had foreseen the surprise which Michaelson—shrewd showman that he was—had arranged with an eye to free columns of advertising for his newest sensation, Markman did not foresee the weird sequence of events that followed the first appearance of Dr. Albert Fanning's radio-controlled puppet on the stage of the Ajax theatre.

Most certainly not even the shrewd detective could foresee that Doctor Fanning, then triumphantly explaining to the mayor the electrical phenomena that actuated his invention, would be found killed before another day dawned under circumstances so strange that they defied belief of a sane man.

CHAPTER THREE

A WEIRD TRAGEDY

THE Ajax theatre, head of a chain of vaudeville houses of the same name stretching all over the continent, had the largest seating capacity of any auditorium known. The night of that day when the mayor of the city was publicly hoaxed by Dr. Albert Fanning's telemechanical man every seat in the theatre was occupied.

Outside the street was crowded with thousands of persons unable to obtain admittance.

Michaelson, head of the Ajax circuit, knew that for weeks to come this rush of curious persons would continue; would continue for years to come as the radio marvel invented by Fanning traveled from one to another of his theatres.

The newspapers had blazoned the marvel abroad. Columns were devoted to the astonishing story of how a mechanical toy had fooled the mayor. Columns more were occupied by photographs of the mayor receiving "Count Theodore Theodorovich."

The news telegraph wires to all parts of the world were loaded with the same story.

Wireless telegraphy had taken an astonishing hold on popular fancy with the perfection of the radio telephone and the broadcasting of news and music in all parts of the world.

There had already been exhibited several inventions in the new field of telemechanics, such as an automobile which moved about at the bidding of a wireless telegraph spark.

It was generally known that naval experts had found a means to control torpedoes in the same manner and even airplanes.

But the ingenuity of a figure that was lifelike enough to deceive almost a dozen closeted with it in the mayor's office was a fresh astonishment and a magnet sufficient to draw the thousands away from the usual summer attraction of beaches or cool homes in order to see with their own eyes.

The performance of Dr. Albert Fanning that evening lived up to expectations.

The bearded savant prefaced his marvels by a brief lecture on the principles of the wireless spark.

The curtains then parted to reveal the stage set as a room in which were tables, chairs, various implements, clothing and so on. Also there was a large black trunk prominently placed.

Doctor Fanning took his seat at a keyboard, much like that miniature one he had worn under his coat, but enlarged to be plain to every eye.

At the touch of a button the trunk lid lifted, and slowly there appeared the head of "Count Theodore." The lifelike movements of the strange toy brought a gasp of astonishment from the audience.

As Doctor Fanning continued to press the keys his mechanical man selected various garments from a rack and clothed itself. When it was fully clad the doctor sent it to the footlights, introduced it as a personage, and it made a brief address on its own behalf.

The "count" then sat at table, ordered a meal, seemingly ate it, smoked a ciga-

rette, and appeared to read from an evening newspaper.

As a final demonstration a professional boxer was brought onto the stage. The "count" changed to ring costume and the two fought a brisk bout, which the radio man ended by a knockout. Then it collapsed suddenly, limply, much as it had done in the mayor's office, and was stuffed back into the trunk.

All doubts had vanished from Manager Michaelson's brain as the act progressed. It exceeded all expectations. His one real worry was how to calm his audience into accepting the balance of a very good bill of vaudeville.

Perhaps the audience never would have stopped demanding encores had not Doctor Fanning finally announced:

"My friend the 'count' is fatigued. He cannot appear longer. But I'll let you into a secret. The 'count' and I are now going to our hotel, The Spendmore. We will take our limousine at the stage door. If you care to see us there, do so, or you will find us later in the grill room at the Spendmore."

The announcement had an unexpected effect. Half the audience hurried from the auditorium as the curtain fell and clustered at the stage door, waiting the appearance of the inventor and his mechanical man.

Detective Ford Markman had been one of the audience, a guest of Michaelson in the box which held the mayor and other notables.

While the others in the box had joined the noisy demonstrations that greeted each successive surprise in Doctor Fanning's performance, Markman remained silent and somewhat abstracted. In fact, he looked bored with the performance, but as a matter of fact saw much more of it than any member of the audience.

At one point in his program Doctor Fanning had invited a committee of the audience to mount the stage and examine his invention at close range. Markman was urged to act as one of this committee, but refused.

"I examined the figure in the mayor's office this morning," he said. "It is a highly ingenious piece of work. I do not care to go over it again."

Though he did not care to go into the mechanical features of Fanning's radio-man, the detective grew more and more interested in the demonstration, so much so that his eyes commenced to sparkle, with him a sure sign of intense excitement.

When Fanning invited the audience to take a last look at the "count" at the theatre stage door, Markman was one of the first to rush to that point-of-vantage, and by the courtesy of one of the policemen detailed to handle the crowd got himself into a front-line position.

A great pressing throng crowded the side street about the stage entrance. When Fanning appeared, by his side the weird toy that had hoaxed everybody, a cheer went up. "Count Theodore" was a popular hero.

The mechanical man clung to the inventor's arm, moving as it had at the city hall that morning, a trifle stiffly and artificially. Its eyes as they turned about had that curious stare which led first observers to mistake it for a drunken man.

But the creature's formal dress made its stiff bearing seem humorously correct. When it doffed the high silk hat in acknowledgment of the cheer the crowd roared with delight at its burlesque of a distinguished manner.

Fanning and the "count" entered the limousine and were driven away.

About Markman the throng pushed and shoved in anxiety to catch one final glimpse.

The detective was oblivious of the mob. He was thinking with intense concentration. Then he burst out laughing and declared under his breath:

"By George, I believe I'm right again! I must follow this thing up. If I am right the joke isn't on the mayor after all; it's on Michaelson!"

The detective caught the arm of his friend the policeman and asked him to call a taxi. Thus aided he was speeding toward the Hotel Spendmore in the wake of Doctor Fanning and his mechanical marvel a very few minutes after the closed car got away.

As the taxi bumped along Markman con-

tinued to chuckle. "Ingenious!" he declared to the empty air. "Devilish clever! It fooled me completely for the time being, and it has fooled everybody else. By heaven, this is a joke on Michaelson!"

Yet at the end of his journey Ford Markman did not discover a joke at all.

He discovered instead the dead body of Dr. Albert Fanning, killed by stabs from a long-bladed knife.

And in the limousine, seated beside the dead man, was the inanimate form of that strange mechanical marvel known as "Count Theodore Theodorovich."

The knife that had killed Fanning was clasped in the gloved hand of the puppet Fanning had created.

In that brief ride between stage door and hotel a desperate struggle had taken place in the closed car, and the lax, collapsed thing that lolled beside the dead inventor, goggling with eyes that saw nothing, by every indication of evidence was the instrument that had killed him.

CHAPTER FOUR

A NEW SURPRISE

EVERY detective on the force and fully half the patrolmen in the city knew Markman's face or recognized the authority of his visiting card.

Thus it happened that he arrived at the Spendmore not five minutes behind the limousine and the discovery of the crime, and was enabled to take charge of affairs unquestioned. The body of Doctor Fanning was left in the limousine exactly as found. The strange puppet was left lolling beside the dead man.

The driver of the car was placed under arrest.

Markman then had the car driven intact to police headquarters, and there the commissioner joined him.

"Take that thing to the evidence room and be careful not to disturb it," the commissioner directed, pointing to the curiously collapsed, grotesque form of the mechanical man. Used as he was to weird sights, the commissioner shuddered slightly as he indicated the sprawling caricature of humanity.

"Let me advise against it," Markman urged hastily. "Bring the thing along to your office with the prisoner."

"But, my dear fellow, unless you think you can scare something out of this prisoner by having that awful toy around——"

"I think I can promise you something even more definite," Markman urged seriously. "Bring the thing in."

Two patrolmen carried the inanimate dangling puppet to the commissioner's private office. It was seated on a chair, the gloved hand still clutching the knife which had killed Fanning. The arms and legs lolled awkwardly and, like a half-stuffed sack, the strange toy, deprived of its life-giving electric spark, slid toward the floor.

The commissioner drew back from the thing with a shrug of disgust.

"It's not pretty!" he cried. "I never heard of anything like this! A man murdered by a mechanical doll! I wonder if we're all having the nightmare together!"

"Nightmares aren't susceptible to logical explanation," Markman smiled. "I believe this affair is——"

"Well, I wish you'd let me send that grisly thing away!" the commissioner groaned pettishly. "It makes me nervous!"

Even the patrolman who stood guard over the arrested driver had turned his eyes from the toy in disgust.

The prisoner seemed the only one without some feeling of repulsion. He regarded Fanning's radio-mechanical man with stolid gaze.

This driver—he gave the name of Lon Dietz—was a chunky, stupid-looking, tow-haired fellow. He spoke slowly, in the manner of a man who thought slowly. Imagination seemed to be left out of his make-up.

Under examination Dietz told a straightforward story.

The limousine was his property, and he gained a livelihood by renting it out. He often rented the car to stars of the Michael-

son vaudeville circuit or members of Michaelson's staff who wanted an automobile for purposes of publicity or pleasure. The day before he had been notified by the manager's office to place his car at the disposal of Dr. Albert Fanning.

Dietz drove Fanning to the city hall in the morning, on several other errands during the day and waited at the stage door that evening, as he was instructed to do. Fanning, he said, had no other companion on his several errands than the "count," which Dietz had only then discovered was not a real person. When they left the Ajax theatre he was perfectly certain no third person could have entered the limousine. The car doors had been locked when the car was vacant, and he held the key. He unlocked them to admit Fanning when the inventor appeared on the scene, not before.

Fanning directed him to drive to the Spendmore, and he went there directly. He thought the trip had required perhaps twenty-five minutes, because Broadway had been congested with traffic. Dietz was quite certain that no third person could have entered his automobile during its progress through the streets. When he arrived at the hotel he left his seat, opened the limousine door and discovered the murder. He then called a policeman, who was not five feet distant from the hotel door. That was all he knew about events.

During the progress of this statement one of the commissioner's clerks assigned to that task looked up Dietz's record. The man's name and address were verified, his driver's license and taxi license checked up.

"But this is more absurd than ever!" the commissioner exclaimed. "Do you mean to have us believe that Fanning was murdered by an inanimate, mechanical toy?"

Dietz shook his head slowly.

"I don't know nothing about that," he grumbled. "All I know is what I told you. But if you ask me, it looks as if that thing had done it. Look at the knife it's got hold of!"

"Rubbish!" cried the commissioner. "That's nothing but a stuffed shirt and a lot of levers and motors and wireless antennæ! That thing isn't alive."

"There I beg to differ with you," Markman interrupted softly.

"What!" the commissioner stared, amazed.

"That thing," Markman went on, "is no more a mechanical toy than I am."

"But, Ford, I saw the thing taken apart in the mayor's office."

Markman agreed.

"Exactly. So did I. But what we saw in the mayor's office was not what we saw to-night on the stage of the Ajax theatre. Nor is it what we see in that chair."

"Markman," cried the commissioner, "I believe you're as crazy as a March hare."

Before the detective could reply there came a startling confirmation of his words.

The collapsed, shrunken, inanimate thing propped against the chair stirred. It groaned aloud.

The gloved, grotesque hands twitched. The goggling eyes blinked. The body stiffened and drew upright.

They sprang toward the chair as the form straightened to an attitude of consciousness. Into the eyes came a gleam of reason. They turned from one to another of the startled faces, blinking rapidly in amazement, plainly asking who these strangers were, why they were staring.

Then the man in the chair caught sight of his own hand holding the knife.

"Good heaven!" he groaned. "What's happened? Who are you? Why——"

The commissioner of police answered by laying his hand on the man's shoulders.

"Never mind that!" he shouted. "You'll find out soon enough! What's important now is that you, whoever you are, are under arrest for the murder of Dr. Albert Fanning. Markman, by the Lord! we've got our man now!"

"Perhaps," Ford Markman answered, smiling gently. "And then again, perhaps not!"

"What's that?"

"You heard what I said."

"Can you doubt this man's guilt?"

"All men are considered innocent until proven guilty, you know," smiled the detective.

CHAPTER FIVE

MARKMAN'S SUSPICIONS

"NOW, what the deuce do you mean by a statement like that?" the commissioner exclaimed, staring at Markman. "'Perhaps we have the right man,' you say. Why, hang it, Markman, you've just proved this is a man and not the machine we thought it. Fanning was murdered in the limousine. This man is found in there beside him, holding the knife that killed Fanning. What more do you ask?"

"Conclusive proof," Markman answered gently. "Such proof as I require in a problem of mathematics. There are certain things I have not checked up yet. I'll attend to that directly."

"Meantime," the commissioner urged, "just why did you guess this thing of Fanning's was a fake? Nobody else did!"

"Simple," Markman answered. "Nobody thought to question it because of the manner of its presentation. This morning, in the mayor's office, Fanning produced a genuine mechanical man. We all saw it. He produced it under circumstances that led us to think his friend was a real personage. Therefore any slight eccentricities of bearing—in other words, any flaws in Fanning's invention—were ignored as eccentricities of a real man. But if you will stop to think, commissioner, you must admit that Fanning's toy was a clumsy thing. For instance, I saw it fall flat to the pavement in front of the city hall. But we were all too surprised to be critical. Like the mayor, we had been prepared to meet a flesh-and-blood man, and when we found that man somewhat unusual in his manner, we generously set that down as a personal eccentricity. In other words, my dear commissioner, our attitude toward the supposed 'Count Theodore' helped us to convince ourselves that Fanning's invention was truly a marvelous thing.

"But later I got to thinking matters over. I recalled the multitudinous technical problems confronting any inventor who tries to build a mechanical duplicate of a human being. You must remember that the human body employs every known principle of mechanics in its various functions, and because its actuating motor is a mystery no man has yet fathomed all this elaborate, delicate, unbelievably durable machinery is packed into a marvelously small compass.

"The man who tries to build a machine which will correctly duplicate no more than the gait, gestures and outward bearing of a human being is confronted with a task well-nigh impossible.

"Remembering this, I attended Fanning's performance at the Ajax as a skeptic. I not only went to watch critically, but was prepared also to listen even more critically."

"To listen!" the commissioner exclaimed.

"Exactly, to listen," Markman smiled. "Remember that Fanning claimed his puppet was actuated by a wireless telegraph spark? The keys he manipulated were presumed to send into the ether sparks of various wave length and potential, which in turn governed a delicate recording mechanism in the breast of the lay figure. If you are familiar at all with the wireless telegraph, you must know that any spark sent into the ether is recorded audibly by the wireless telephone ear-piece."

"Yes," the commissioner agreed. "I've heard the crackle of wireless telegraph on my own radio telephone."

"That's what I mean! Therefore, to determine if Fanning was controlling his device by wireless, I carried a small pocket antenna, tuning coil and ear-pieces with me to the theatre. I adjusted them in the shadow at the rear of the box and listened. There was no spark audible while Fanning's man was doing things truly remarkable if they were the performance of a mechanical toy and absolutely commonplace if they were done by a human being. Since there was no indication of radio control it was plain to me that Fanning's man was an actor trained to simulate the gait and bearing of an automaton."

"Well, hang it, man!" the commissioner broke out, "I was one of the committee on the stage to-night, and I examined the machine in detail. That was no man."

Markman laughed gently.

"Substitution!" he said. "What you ex-

amined was the same toy the mayor examined this morning. But remember, just before the committee was invited to the stage the supposed mechanical man was stuffed into the trunk, then dragged out again. The trunk, you see, contained both the puppet and the living actor."

"Confound it, I believe you're right," the commissioner growled. "Well, here's the prisoner with his face washed and in his right mind. Now to serious business!"

A patrolman led in the man they had so recently mistaken for Fanning's mechanical toy. His face had been cleaned of a thick layer of grease paint and was revealed as a rather pallid, handsome countenance. His blue eyes were still slightly dilated from the use of belladonna. The gloves had been stripped off his hands, he was coatless now and there was little left in his appearance to remind one of the grotesque rôle he had recently played.

The prisoner broke into excited speech directly he confronted the commissioner.

"Gentlemen!" he exclaimed brokenly, "in God's name listen to me! I am innocent of this crime! I swear to you I am innocent. Listen to me! Let me make a statement of everything as I know it."

"Your name?" the commissioner demanded.

"Fred Cummings."

"Occupation?"

"An actor."

"Home address?"

"New York City is my home. I——"

"Fred Cummings, you are under arrest, charged with the murder of Dr. Albert Fanning. I warn you that any statement you make may be used against you at your trial. Take my advice and consult a reputable lawyer before——"

Cummings cried out excitedly:

"No. No, I say! I'm going to talk now. I'm going to tell everything, and nothing but the truth."

"Then remember," said the commissioner, "I have done my duty and warned you of the consequences."

Cummings groaned.

"I can't help that! I don't understand this tragedy any better than you, I tell you. For all I know I may go to the electric chair for Fanning's death. If what they tell me is true—that I was found in the car beside Fanning's body, the knife that killed Fanning held in my hand—God alone knows what miracle can save me from conviction of his murder. Yet I am going to tell you the truth and rely on a higher power to prove that my course is the best one!"

"And I say that's the right course!" Ford Markman exclaimed kindly. The detective advanced to the prisoner, patted his shoulder in a fatherly way and continued: "I'm no lawyer, young man. Perhaps I have no business advising you. Yet if you were my only son I would tell you the same advice. Give us the whole truth. I know of no safer course for a man in your fix!"

CHAPTER SIX

THE PRISONER'S STORY

FRED CUMMINGS seated himself in a chair beside the commissioner's desk. A police stenographer opened his notebook and poised his pencil. Markman and the commissioner composed themselves to listen.

"Acting is my profession," Cummings began. Five years ago I was graduated from a mid-Western dramatic school, and at once obtained a small part in a road company. Four years I continued to play in Western stock and in road companies, but, like all actors, I wanted to appear on Broadway, where the big salaries are paid.

"About a year ago I determined to be satisfied with nothing less than a good Broadway engagement. I refused all other offers and spent my savings hanging about the agencies and the managers' offices for six months. I was broke and pretty desperate when I met this man Fanning.

"Fanning offered me an engagement at a very good salary and a promise of at least five years' steady employment. But my name could not appear in the programs, neither could it be known to anybody that I was in his employ as an actor. I would merely accompany Fanning as his 'assistant.'

"This Fanning was an old-time magician. As 'Barstow the Great' he has toured the United States for many years, giving the usual performance of sleight-of-hand and cabinet tricks and illusions. I knew him to be a man of means, who could make good all promises, and I called on him at his home in New Rochelle, where I talked matters over with him and met his wife."

The commissioner interrupted here.

"Just a moment. Fanning's home address, please. If there is a wife I shall want her."

Cummings gave an address, and a policeman was dispatched by automobile to find Mrs. Fanning. At the same time Detective Markman, asking the commissioner's permission, sent a man to an address he had copied from the records concerning Dietz, the driver of the murder car. What his instructions were to the patrolman and what he expected to learn from them, Markman did not then reveal.

This done, Cummings resumed his story.

"I was too desperately in need of work to protest at Fanning's terms. I signed a contract with him to appear as his assistant in a new act and bound myself to reveal nothing of the nature of this act to anybody.

"I soon learned Fanning's plans. He had invented the curious puppet you gentlemen saw at the mayor's office to-day. It was an ingenious thing, capable of walking with a little assistance, capable of standing and sitting, moving its head and arms and speaking by means of a small phonograph concealed within it. Yet as a duplicate of a human being, it was obviously faulty. Fanning was an experienced showman, and realized that his invention would create no great sensation. With this realization was born his idea of substituting an actor for the automaton at certain parts of his performance, and it was for that rôle that he hired me."

Cummings smiled sadly. "Gentlemen," he observed, "you can see how desperate I was when I was willing to sink my identity, give up all hopes of a career and impersonate a mechanical man in this gigantic fraud of Fanning's!

"However, the contract was signed, I was bound to secrecy, and I had to go through with my bargain, no matter how I felt!

"We rehearsed the act for months, perfecting the smallest details. By hard study I was able to copy every characteristic of the grotesque toy Fanning had built. When everything was ready Fanning gave a private showing to Michaelson, who at once saw the tremendous sensation a radio-telegraph man would create in vaudeville. Our opening performance was that of this night at the Ajax. You understand, I believe, how I was substituted for the mechanical doll and carried out the deception.

"Directly after we left the stage I accompanied Fanning, still made up as the mechanical figure, to the limousine. We meant to make one more appearance at the Spendmore in order to realize all the publicity and free advertising possible.

"We stepped into the closed car and started for the hotel."

Cummings broke off with a shudder. Emotion seemed to overcome him.

"Well!" the commissioner prompted sharply.

Still the actor hesitated.

"Cummings," Markman advised gently, "better tell everything. Remember your resolution! Truth is the safest!"

"You won't believe me!" Cummings groaned. "Nobody will believe me. I can scarcely believe it myself."

"I'll promise you to try my best!" said the commissioner.

"I'll promise you to believe it," Markman added generously.

"Very well! Then listen." The actor's voice sank to a half-strangled monotone. *"There is no more to tell,"* he declared impressively.

"What! Oh, nonsense!"

Markman waved his friend the commissioner to silence. Yet he, too, looked taken aback.

"Just what do you mean?" he questioned.

"Just that. I know no more," Cummings insisted. "Gentlemen, I tell you on my sacred honor I know no more. I stepped into the limousine with Fanning. I sat beside him The car started. That

is all. What happened after that until I found myself seated in this room, that knife in my hand, God alone can tell!"

"Do you ask us to believe that!" the commissioner gasped.

"I can only say again that this is true," Cummings answered wearily. "Who killed Fanning I do not know. Why he was killed I do not know. Certainly I had no grudge against the man. Nothing is farther from my heart than taking the life of any human being. I knew nothing until I opened my eyes in this room and found myself as you saw me. That is the truth. There is no more to tell. If I die for this I cannot add one more word of truth to my statement."

CHAPTER SEVEN

MRS. ALBERT FANNING.

TWO hours of intensive cross-examination failed to alter in the most inconsequential item the story of Fred Cummings.

Detective Markman's friend, the commissioner, was skilled by years of experience in laying every known trap that might betray a fabricated story.

But the actor did not change the essential facts of his narrative in any degree.

"It's no use, Mr. Commissioner!" Cummings declared wearily. "I'll answer any question you ask as truthfully as I can, but there is no more to say. I do not know who killed Fanning."

"I do!" the commissioner roared suddenly, angrily. "You killed him yourself and thought to throw us off by feigning a state of coma."

With this accusation the commissioner pointed his finger accusingly into the actor's face.

The suddenness of the gesture and the accusation made Cummings wince. Yet he only repeated stubbornly:

"No. I am innocent, or if I am guilty I do not know it. God is my witness this is the truth!"

"I believe it," Markman added unexpectedly.

The commissioner glared at him.

"You, a hard-headed detective, say that!"

"Because I think it——"

"You let your good heart cloud your keen brain, Markman."

"Not at all. I believe Cummings for a most obvious reason. If he killed Fanning, why in the world would he not slip out of the car and get away? Why linger to be arrested?"

"We would have arrested him soon enough," the commissioner growled. "As for his story, that's all stuff and nonsense. The man is guilty as——" The commissioner interrupted himself to ask of an assistant who had entered the room: "Yes, what is it?"

"Mrs. Fanning is waiting outside."

"Bring her in at once."

A woman of middle age, her face bearing traces of an earlier beauty, was ushered in. Her manner was agitated as it might well be by unexpected news of the tragedy that left her a widow. Yet, despite her grief and shock, Mrs. Albert Fanning maintained a certain composure and answered questions in a sweet, modulated voice.

The commissioner began to interrogate her gently, showing a sympathy for her natural grief.

"Do you know this man?" he asked, indicating Cummings.

Mrs. Fanning replied she had met the actor during the preparation of her husband's greatest act. She supplied various details corroborative of Cummings's story and descriptive of her life with Fanning. It was Markman who noted a certain hesitation in her manner as she dwelt upon her relations with her dead husband, and the professor held a whispered conference with the commissioner. Thus prompted, the commissioner took a new tack.

"Mrs. Fanning," he said, "I am convinced that you have some suspicion, or possibly are aware of circumstances which may help to clear up this terrible case. I ask you to tell us frankly and freely anything regarding Mr. Fanning's past life or

your own which would discover the man guilty of this cowardly murder."

Mrs. Fanning's eyes dilated. Her breathing became agitated. For a moment she seemed about to burst into tears. Conquering this emotion by an effort, she answered finally in a low voice:

"I—it is difficult for me to explain our relations, but I do know of a man—a man I am in mortal terror of——"

"An enemy of Fanning's?" the commissioner prompted.

"Yes! An enemy! A dangerous man!" The widow shuddered.

"Who is that man?"

Mrs. Fanning was silent some time. At length she whispered fearfully:

"My former husband, Porter Oaks!"

"Now, Mrs. Fanning, tell us, please, about this man Oaks!"

"It is a painful subject. I have tried to forget him. I thought I had forgotten him. Yet sometimes at night as I lay sleepless in Fanning's home, I have lain for hours trembling with fear of him. I—— Gentlemen, it is hard to tell this thing."

"You must tell it," the commissioner said sternly. "It is your duty."

"I am afraid!"

"The law will protect you."

Still the widow hesitated.

"You loved Fanning, did you not?" Markman suggested gently.

She nodded silently, struggling to stifle her tears.

"Then for the sake of the man you loved, Mrs. Fanning, in order that his murder may be avenged, you dare not, cannot conceal any information!"

"You are right!" Mrs. Fanning cried. "I will tell you all I know. Porter Oaks is an actor. I, too, followed the profession for some years and met him when we were in the same cast. I was fascinated by him and we were married. Soon after my wedding day I knew we were unsuited. I knew that Mr. Oaks was a selfish, brutal, cold-blooded man.

"I left him. He followed me to a distant city and persuaded me to return to him, but that second trial failed like the first. I began to hate this man Oaks, hate him as greatly as I feared him. And he—he would not leave me in peace. I cannot say that he loved me. Love is not like that! No! But he refused to give me up. He haunted me wherever I went until I grew actually afraid for my life because of his wild threats.

"Then I met Albert Fanning. We loved each other. Fanning learned my story and insisted that I secure a legal separation from Oaks at once. He secured a lawyer for me and helped me through that divorce trial in Nevada. Directly the decree was granted I married Albert Fanning. And at last I knew peace and happiness.

"But Porter Oaks still haunted me. Several times he contrived to get messages to me, threatening my life and Albert's. Albert—Mr. Fanning—laughed at these threats. But I knew Porter Oaks! I lived in mortal terror that he would carry out his threats. I believe now that he has carried out this threat. Gentlemen, I believe, as surely as I am in this room, that Porter Oaks killed my husband, Albert Fanning!"

"Where is this man Oaks?" the commissioner asked.

Mrs. Fanning did not know. She had not seen the man since her marriage to Fanning, three years ago. She could not even swear that Porter Oaks was still alive.

The commissioner shook his head hopelessly.

"Your suspicions are natural," he declared, "but I am afraid they are as equally groundless. We will try to locate Oaks, but meantime every shred of evidence points to this prisoner, Cummings, as the guilty man."

"My heart tells me it was Oaks!" Mrs. Fanning cried hysterically.

The commissioner shrugged.

"To prove anything you'll have to produce Porter Oaks," he declared.

"Perhaps we can do that," Ford Markman murmured.

"Eh? What——"

"I think perhaps we can find Oaks, and not very far from this same room," Markman repeated.

The detective had been studying a memorandum handed him by the patrolman he

had sent on an errand several hours before. Now, as the commissioner stared amazed, he added: "With your permission I will ask that the prisoner, Lon Dietz, be brought back."

The commissioner nodded his sanction of the order. Presently Dietz, the driver of the murder car, was led into the room. The man raised his eyes and stared stupidly, sullenly, from one face to another, his expression not changing in the least.

But Mrs. Fanning showed emotion of a startling sort.

Springing from her chair, gesturing wildly, she cried as she shrank back:

"That is the man. That is my former husband, Porter Oaks!"

CHAPTER EIGHT

A FULL CONFESSION

THE prisoner thus hailed as Oaks scarcely blinked his eyes at Mrs. Fanning's excited accusation. He stared steadily at the woman, who shrank away from his gaze.

"Look here, you," the commissioner roared, "is that your name? Are you Oaks, or are you Lon Dietz?"

"I told you my name," was the slow answer. "I'm Lon Dietz, and my license proves it. I don't know anything about this guy Oaks. I don't know anything about this woman. I never saw her in my life before."

"That's a lie!" Mrs. Fanning screamed. "You know me well. You are Porter Oaks. You were once my husband. And it is you who killed the only man I ever loved."

"How d'you get that way?" the accused man growled. "Say, what's the big idea? You can't scare me, Mr. Commissioner, with this third-degree stuff. If I'm anybody but what I say I am, you got to prove it."

"And so we will, right away!" Markman cried. Turning to a patrolman, he instructed him: "Bring in Lon Dietz. You'll find him under arrest and waiting outside."

Not a word was said while a third prisoner was led into the room. He was a slender, undersized, pallid fellow with a shrewd face. At the moment he looked very badly scared.

His eyes turned toward the first Lon Dietz, then turned away hurriedly. He shuffled his feet and moved closer toward the commissioner as if asking protection.

"You are Lon Dietz?" Markman demanded sternly.

"Yes, sir. That's my name."

"You own a limousine car which you keep for hire?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know that man?" Markman indicated the stolid prisoner.

"I don't know his name. I know his face —yes."

Detective Markman consulted the memorandum before him.

"That man came to you yesterday and paid you five hundred dollars for the hire of your car for two days and also borrowed your driving card and taxi license. Is that not true?"

"Yes, sir, that's the fact."

"And a part of his bargain was that you were to hold your tongue and keep at home, indoors, for this period of two days?"

"That was it."

Markman turned on the sullen prisoner.

"You have heard Dietz's statement. It is true, is it not? Come, you're caught. Admit it!"

"Yes, damn you!" the prisoner declared savagely. "But I'd like five minute to wring that skunk's neck for him!"

"You will wring no necks. You will do no more murder, Porter Oaks!" Markman declared sternly. "You're caught. It was you who killed Fanning, murdered him because he won the love of the woman you made miserable. Admit it! I've found a witness who heard you bargaining with Dietz. That's how I got onto your game."

Porter Oaks nodded his head slowly.

"All right," he said. "You got the goods on me. I did it. I did it, and I'm not sorry, either! I'd do it again. He stole my wife away from me."

"You drove me away from you by your cruelty!" Mrs. Fanning gasped angrily.

Oaks ignored her protest.

"I meant to even that score if it took me the rest of my life," he went on savagely. "I kept a watch on Fanning. I found out what this big, new act of his was. I arranged with this chauffeur to hire the car that the Ajax theatre people always rented for use of their stars. I drove Fanning and his mechanical man around town and waited my chance. I knew that thing was a fake. Anybody in the show business that's got a brain could see Fanning had hired an actor to double for his mechanical man. That showed me a good chance to even things up with Fanning and let somebody else get the blame for it." Oaks smiled sourly.

"I know something about chemistry," Oaks continued. "I understand formulæ for making different kinds of poison gas that will knock a man silly without leaving any trace. I fixed up a little bottle of that stuff and had it inside the car when Fanning and this fellow Cummings got in. When Cummings sat down and I was closing the door I uncorked the little bottle I had the stuff in and set it on the cushion right beside him. Then I cut around into a dark, quiet side street as quick as I could drive.

"Cummings was knocked out by the gas, just as I planned. Fanning was stupid, but not unconscious. He knew me all right and knew what I was there to do when I told him my name. Well, I got him, though he put up a fight. Then I put the knife in Cummings's hand and drove around to the Spendmore.

"That's the way it was done, and I'm glad I did it! I'll go to the chair for it, but I don't care! I've paid Fanning back what I owe him!"

"Proof, absolute, scientific proof," Detective Markman observed to his friend, the commissioner, "is obtainable only by checking up even the smallest detail. In the case of Porter Oaks that detail was the verification of every word he said. And verifying that led us to the real Lon Dietz. Every crime to me is no more than a scientific problem, or, say, a problem in calculus. And such problems, no matter how involved they may seem, will yield to patience and due regard to detail."

As for Porter Oaks, his own words proved prophetic. He paid with his life for the weird murder of the man who almost hoaxed all who saw his radio mystery

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CONVICTED BY A TYPEWRITER

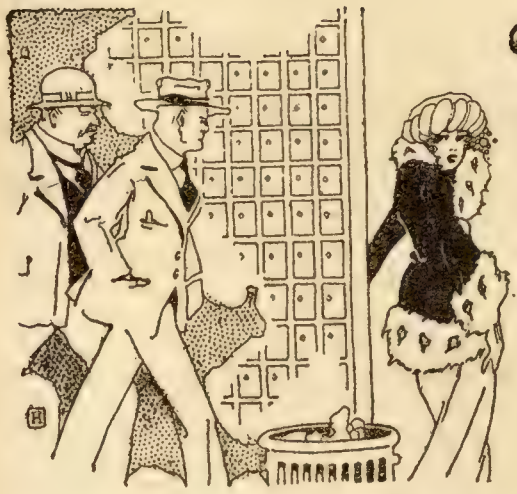
GEORGE AVERY HORTH, formerly president of the Oceanic Coal and Coke Company, No. 20 Broad street, was convicted of forgery Sept. 21 before Judge Johnstone, in General Sessions, by the testimony of his own typewriter.

So perfectly had he imitated the signature of his lifelong friend, Hollen W. Rich, president of the Rich Creamery Company of Cattaraugus, N. Y., that Mr. Rich's bank certified it to be genuine and its authenticity could not be disproved.

Horth was charged with having forged ten notes aggregating $25,000, which he negotiated between January and September, 1921. Horth then disappeared, and while search for him was in progress he was arrested on complaint of Edward G. Welsch, an attorney, who charged him with having passed a bogus check.

Horth insisted the notes in question had been mailed to him by Mr. Rich from Buffalo. Assistant District Attorney Unger, who prosecuted Horth, discovered that the typewriting on the notes showed certain imperfections in the typewriter keys.

Mr. Unger then examined a letter Horth admitted he had written on his own typewriter and presented when negotiating the last note forged. A handwriting expert testified the letter and the typewriting on the forged notes were done by the same machine. The jury found the defendant guilty of forgery in the second degree.



"Little Things"

by Earl C. McCain

THERE was something about Winters that reminded one of a big bull elephant. Physically he was a powerful man, with solid, square jaws and a chest that stretched a number seventeen shirt, but it was his manner of doing things, more than his size, that impressed one. Winters was a detective of the old school, one who gave no thought to finger-printing, psychology, counter-plotting, or any of the new ideas in the game of running down law violators.

His method was simple. When assigned on a case he merely gathered the available facts, concluded that so and so was the guilty party, and went out to get him. And about seven times out of ten he was right. The other three times McDonald would generally have the case all worked out from a different angle by the time Winters had failed.

Perhaps it was this difference in methods that had caused the two detectives to be paired together. "Send Winters to dope out the case and send McDonald along to make sure that Winters is right," was the way the chief had once stated it.

There was as much difference in the two men personally as there was in their methods of working.

McDonald was of medium build, with a thoughtful expression and keen blue eyes that generally held a smile. Winters was of that type who always know they are right until proven wrong, but not so with McDonald. Even when he knew he was right he had generally outlined a course of action to follow it if it developed that he was wrong. He understood practically every modern trick known to the profession and put most of them into practice.

Considering the reputation of the two men, it was only natural that they should be assigned on the Richardson robbery as soon as it was reported. The case was big, demanding the best men on the force, and Winters and McDonald, as working partners, were usually sent on matters of such importance.

The chief, before sending them out, gave them only a few major facts concerning the case. Mrs. Victor Robinson, wife of a wealthy auto manufacturer, had two fads that had been responsible for the robbery. One had been her desire to secure the most valuable diamond in the United States, and the other had been that she wanted full credit for having secured it.

The fact that she had purchased the great stone in New York at a price that must have

taxed even the Richardson bank account had been given wide publicity. This same publicity had been responsible for its loss, though the detectives did not learn all the particulars of this until they had reached the imposing brownstone mansion of the Richardsons and had been ushered into the presence of its mistress. The most noticeable thing about Mrs. Richardson as the two officers entered was her excitement.

"Oh, it was just terrible—and right in my own home," she began. "I would never have believed such a thing possible."

She was a large, flabby sort of woman, probably slipping well along into the forties, yet in her weakness there was a suggestion of childishness.

Winters, as usual, came straight to the point by saying: "We can't get anywhere on the case till you tell us all about it."

"Oh, I can't bear to think of it," the woman replied, though it was plain that she couldn't think of anything else. She had been crying before the detectives arrived, and she threatened to resort to tears at any moment. McDonald's strongest point was his ability to understand people, so he took a part now.

"Of course you were frightened, Mrs. Richardson. Any one would have been, but you've borne up remarkably well under the circumstances. I think the chief said it was a woman who robbed you."

"Yes." The statement was brief, but it was clear, showing that McDonald's little stab with psychology had succeeded. He followed that up by saying:

"She must have been pretty clever to catch you off your guard in this way. Where were all the servants?"

"In different parts of the house. The butler admitted her, and she must have gone back into the house after I consented to see her. She had a perfectly good newspaper card, and I have never objected to having reporters interview me."

"Let's see that card," Winters cut in, but McDonald's quick frown was a signal. He wanted to keep the woman talking.

"She pretended to be a newspaper reporter sent out to interview you in regard to the stone. "Was that it?' McDonald inquired.

"Yes. She asked all manner of questions about the diamond—its history, how much I paid for it, and all that. Naturally when she asked to see it I suspected nothing."

"Certainly, you wouldn't have," McDonald said quietly. "Now tell us, in your own way, just what occurred."

"She was sitting there—Mrs. Rickardson indicated the rocker occupied by Winters—"when I stepped into the next room to the safe. I brought the diamond and stepped to the table there, placing the open case before her. I remember she took several minutes to look at it; then she said: 'There seems to be a faint mark on it. Let me get my glass.' She picked up her bag at that, and the next moment I was looking into the barrel of a peculiar-looking gun, one that had no hammer."

"An automatic," McDonald remarked. "Then what did she do?"

"She dropped the case containing the diamond into her bag, and with the revolver still pointed at me backed to the door, changing the key to the outside. Then she stepped through and locked it after her, leaving me helpless to call the servants."

"Remember how she looked?"

It was Winters who asked the question, but the woman had calmed sufficiently to talk to either officer now.

"She was rather pretty, I noticed, and she wasn't very large. Her suit was a dark brown, and she wore a little round hat with some sort of a trimming wrapped about it. Her speech, as she talked to me about the stone, was quite refined, but her manner changed after she showed the gun. She even laughed as she locked the door."

Winters was on his feet, signifying that he had clue enough.

"Viva Mondell," he said tersely to McDonald. "I might a-knowed it from the first. No other woman in this section would a-had the nerve to tackle a job like this."

"But Viva's in jail awaiting trial on that Cassidy robbery," McDonald objected.

"You mean she was. They let her out on a thousand dollars bond day before yester-

day. She probably figures on making good to her bondsmen, but what's a thousand bucks when she's copped this stone?"

McDonald nodded. He had forgotten that Viva had been released.

Winters had already turned toward the door, but McDonald wasn't through with Mrs. Richardson.

"Did you notice anything peculiar about this woman—her dress, the way she fixed her hair, or anything like that?"

"No."

"How about the bag she carried? You saw that plainly?"

"Yes. It was black leather and oblong in shape. I remember that it seemed larger than those usually carried by women. I see now that she used that in order to carry the gun."

McDonald made a note of that, then thought of something he had overlooked.

"What name did she give, Mrs. Richardson?"

"Miss Jackson, I believe." She turned to the table, and after a moment produced a card.

"Yes, Miss Tessie Jackson of the *Leader*. I recognized the name because I have often read her artisles in the paper."

McDonald pocketed the card, then noting Winters's growing impatience, followed the other detective outside. On the steps he again produced the card as he said: "This may lead to something. It's a certainty that it wasn't Miss Jackson, but she may be able to remember who she gave this card to."

"What's the use?" Winters asked shortly. "It's a dead cinch that Viva pulled this little job. What we ought to do is to grab Viva right now, or just as quick as we can find her."

"But we don't know where to look for her, and we may learn something by talking to this Miss Jackson. I think we should see her."

"Oh, all right," Winters agreed reluctantly. One reason that these two men worked successfully together was that they never really opposed one another. They caught a car downtown and got off at the *Leader* office, where they found Miss Jackson, a feature writer, busy over her typewriter.

"Yes, I remember her very well," the girl said in answer to McDonald's question. "She visited me here at the office, and——" She found a card in a drawer of the desk and handed this to McDonald. "She gave me that card and requested one of mine, because she asked me to call her by telephone to-day."

The card bore the name of a prominent family.

"Have you called this number yet?" the detective asked.

"Yes, and I thought it strange at the time, because no one at this address called on me. The person who answered the phone said it must be a mistake."

"No, it wasn't any mistake," McDonald replied, but without explaining further he thanked the girl and accompanied Winters from the office.

"I guess you're right about it being Viva," McDonald remarked as they reached the street." This is just the kind of game she would probably play. She knew of Mrs. Richardson's fondness for publicity, and secured that card in order to make sure of seeing the diamond."

Winters nodded, then said: "Maybe we better make a try for her at the big hotels. She generally picks out the best."

It was McDonald's turn to nod, because he, too, knew Viva.

They tried four hotels without results, but at the fifth the clerk stated: "There was a Miss Ruby Chalmers here, who answered that description, but she checked out this afternoon. I remember her black bag in particular."

"How long since she left?" Winters questioned.

"About an hour."

"Did she leave a forwarding address?" McDonald thought of that.

The clerk glanced through a handful of cards, then shook his head. Winters caught McDonald's arm as he said in an undertone:

"Come on, we'll try the post-office. De Kolb, her partner in that Cassidy robbery, is still in jail here, so she'll be certain to

want mail sent somewhere." McDonald agreed with a nod.

In order to secure the assistance of the postal authorities it was necessary to take the matter up with the postal inspector, and the officers started to the post-office building. The inspector's office was on the third floor, and they were waiting for the elevator when Winters suddenly exclaimed: "Well, I'll be darned!"

An exceptionally pretty girl dressed in a becoming suit stood beside a counter across the room reading a letter. Both men instantly recognized her as Viva Mondell and darted toward her.

As if warned by some subtle sixth sense the girl looked up and met their eyes. Rather unconcernedly she stepped out of sight behind the mail box section, causing the officers to quicken their steps. However, their fear that she might run proved unjustified. She had merely moved farther down the counter and dropped a crumpled letter into a waste basket as they stepped beside her.

McDonald immediately picked up the letter as the girl faced about.

"Well, how do you do?" she said, almost casually. "Hadn't you heard that I was out on bond?"

"That ain't all we've heard," Winters remarked icily, picking up the black leather bag that lay on the counter. "You don't happen to have the White Star in this, do you?"

Winters opened the bag, and his face lit up as he drew out a small black case, but his expression changed when he saw that it did not contain the diamond. Then he produced a small automatic, which he crammed into his pocket, afterward emptying the contents of the bag on the counter. He examined the bag carefully, but failed to find the stone. Without ceremony he felt in each pocket of the girl's jacket.

"Are you all through?" she inquired, smiling sweetly.

"Not by a long shot," Winters stated. "You just held up Mrs. Richardson and got away with the White Star, but I suppose we'll have to take you to the station to find it."

"Suit yourself, but you'll only feel foolish afterward. I know nothing about Mrs. Richardson or her diamond."

"Then why were you leaving?" Winters pointed toward a packed suitcase at her feet as he asked the question.

"Who said I was leaving?" the girl countered. "Is there anything criminal in my changing hotels if I like?"

Winters merely grunted, then turned to McDonald.

"Call the wagon, will you, Lou?"

McDonald obeyed the request, but when the patrol arrived he did not enter it. The letter he had found had been from Viva's sister in Detroit, but he was puzzled at not finding the envelope.

"Why bother about it, anyway?" Winters asked when McDonald explained. "We've got her, and we'll find the stone when the matron searches her."

"I'll be right down," McDonald replied, "but I'd rather look up that envelope. It might contain something, you know."

Without further protest Winters took up the suitcase and led the girl to the patrol, then accompanied her to the station.

The chief, who had matched wits with Viva on the Cassidy case, smiled easily when Winters brought the girl into his office.

"By Jove! I had forgotten about you being out," he said. "I might have known that you'd be after that diamond as soon as you read those newspaper stories."

"Where's your originality, chief?" Viva laughed. "Even Winters here thought of that. I suppose *you* think I got it, too?"

The chief smiled quietly.

"You probably did if you went after it," was his reply. He had pressed a button on the desk and turned as a knock came at the door. It was the matron.

"Search her and her suitcase, Mrs. Kammer," the chief ordered. "She probably has the largest diamond in the United States about her somewhere." The woman nodded stoically and motioned the girl into the next room, following her with the suitcase. As the door closed the chief turned to Winters.

"Where's Lou?"

"Still hunting clues at the post-office. We caught this jane there, and McDonald found a letter she threw away. He couldn't find the envelope, so he stayed. You know how he is?"

The chief nodded.

"What makes you so sure she has the stone?"

"Because I found the case for it in her bag, and because we caught her just as she was all ready to leave town. She had already checked out at the Roanoke, where she was stopping. I figured she ditched the diamond in her clothes when she saw us coming, else she would have hidden the case, too. Don't you?"

"It looks that way," the chief conceded, "but we'll know more after the matron gets through with her."

Winters was explaining the manner in which Viva had gained entrance to the Richardson home and secured the stone when the matron returned. Her expression told them the truth, even before she said: "There's no diamond on her that I can find, and I searched thoroughly."

Winters had just ordered the girl's outer door opened and McDonald stepped in.

"What luck?" he inquired, a telltale smile about his eyes hinting that he knew something.

"None. What did you find out?"

McDonald's smile broadened.

"I found the White Star," he answered quietly, placing the great diamond on the table before them. Winters gave a start.

"Where the devil did you find it? Not in that waste-basket?"

"No, you can trust Viva not to toss a gem as valuable as this into a basket where a janitor might carry it away. But I did find something in that basket that showed me where to find the stone."

Beside the diamond he placed an ordinary mail-box key.

"I found this in the basket while searching for that envelope, and tried the boxes until I found the one it fit. When I opened the right box there was the diamond, jammed into the envelope we couldn't find. She evidently put it there while you and I were walking that fifty feet, and she didn't have time to hide the case."

Winters whistled softly, then said: "That's what I call whirlwind work, and it would have succeeded, too, except for that idea of yours about looking up that envelope. I guess you're due for a good-sized reward on this day's work."

"Just half the reward," McDonald stated, smiling. "You've forgotten that I never would have found the stone if you hadn't first reasoned out who took it. Suppose we divide the credit and reward on a partnership basis?" And they let it go at that.

LURE SEALS TO DEATH BY MUSIC

LURED to their death by various musical instruments, hair seals, the most destructive salmon trap thieves, easily fall victims to bounty hunters, who are now hunting them near the largest rookeries on Puget Sound.

The hair seal—not the valuable fur-bearers of Behring Sea—are fish eaters, and during the summer salmon runs tear their way into the salmon nets and traps. One seal will destroy $2,000 worth of fish in a season.

They do not catch salmon because of hunger, for often a single bite is snapped out of the fat back of a fish and the rest left to other sea scavengers, so the hair seal is rightly labeled by the packing industry as a destructive pest. The State pays a bounty of $3 for each hair seal killed and presented to the State Auditor.

Hair seals possess an absorbing affinity for musical notes, the wailing of a single fiddle string, the metallic wheeze of an old accordion, a mouth organ or other reed instrument. Hearing the music seals in the vicinity poke their heads high above the surf, and a good rifleman cannot fail to hit the fairly large mark. The dead seal sinks at once, but refloats in a few hours and is tossed ashore by the tide.

Tracked by Inches

By EDWARD LEE BENNETT

PART ONE

CHAPTER ONE

A MYSTERIOUS MURDER

DUSK was falling as Rosemary Spenser mounted the spacious richly carpeted staircase at Rune House. Her fancy peopled the somber wainscoting with fantastic forms. Rune House, despite its air of grandeur, was by no means a cheerful habitation, and at twilight on a dark day the grotesque shadows filtering through the old elms made it preternaturally gloomy. The girl quickened her pace and threw a half-frightened glance over her shoulder.

Arrived before a heavy black walnut door at the front end of the hall, she paused for a moment in indecision. Her pert little chin thrust itself forward aggressively, and her lips tightened. She opened the door with a single spasmodic gesture and entered the room. Her hand sought the light button, and the room was flooded with a soft yellow glow.

Rosemary Spenser started back in horror. A startled exclamation escaped her. Nervously she strode forward to the centre of the magnificent Persian rug where her uncle, Jonas Rune, lay strangely quiet. Chairs were overturned, papers littered the floor. The mantel scarf had been torn away, evidently in a desperate struggle, and beside it on the hearth lay the fragments of two priceless peachbloom vases and an expensive mahogany clock.

Strangest of all on the snowy expanse of the dead man's shirt some one had pinned a red paper disk about two inches in diameter. Whose hand? The girl dismissed as unworthy a sudden suspicion which assailed her. What was the portent of that glaring scrap of red paper? Death, to be sure, but what else? A secret organization exacting its terrible vengeance?

Of Rune's death and the cause there was not the slightest doubt. A bullet-hole in each temple told the story eloquently—one where the fatal bit of lead had entered, the other where it had come out. Fascinated, Rosemary Spenser stood there. There was little of regret or dismay in her attitude, only the shock and revulsion which such a spectacle would arouse in any woman.

Rosemary Spenser had nothing to regret in the death of Jonas Rune, however horrible it might be. Compelled to live with this inhuman wretch ever since the death of her mother more than ten years before, she had early come to know suffering and humiliation. The abuse which Jonas Rune had bestowed upon her as a child surged into her mind; his sneering hatred later had been even worse. He was the type of man who gloated in the misery of the helpless, whether child or beast.

Momentarily Rosemary Spenser rejoiced in the fall of her kinsman and enemy. But this unhallowed feeling soon gave way to pity for this contemptible creature whose malevolence had finally snapped like a rubber band. Suddenly she became conscious of the pagan idols which grinned at her from every corner of the magnificent overfurnished study. It was as if they were holding carnival over the tragic end of their eccentric devotee.

Rosemary Spenser shuddered and turned with an effort to the telephone. With tremulous voice she called the police and Norman Deane.

Norman Deane, who lived near by, ar-

rived almost immediately. He had been her uncle's confidential secretary for more than a year, and in that comparatively brief time had succeeded in winning Rosemary's heart. Deane took the news of Rune's death and the tragic panorama which met his eyes with surprising calmness, considering his characteristic impulsiveness. He was a lively youth, broad-shouldered, with raven-black hair and brown eyes which seemed to bespeak at once both kindness and fearlessness.

Rosemary Spenser, the murdered man's niece, was of medium height. Unusually attractive in a blonde way and with a most charming personality, she had taken old Rune House by storm on the very day of her arrival. The servants loved their beautiful mistress devotedly. Only cross-grained old Jonas Rune had withstood his pretty niece, and he made no secret of his intense, almost insane, hatred for her.

Rosemary had not been entirely a martyr, and Jonas Rune had more than once recoiled from the angry scorn in her clear gray eyes. Even when the old man placed her in charge of his house he still took pains covertly to make her unhappy.

Rune had been engaged in the curio and importing business for nearly half a century, during which time he had amassed a considerable fortune, the extent of which probably no one knew but himself. His activities had recently been carried on under the firm name of Rune & Baker. Baker, a much younger man than Rune, had very little capital invested, and performed his portion of the partnership agreement by attending personally to all details of the business.

In late years the old curio dealer had spent most of his time reading and writing in the seclusion of his study. There, surrounded by a priceless collection of *objets d'art,* he had completed several works on the general subject of curios which were considered authoritative.

"Of course I'm sorry he's dead, but he had nothing to live for. He really was so miserable," Rosemary mused pensively.

Deane nodded and pressed her hand sympathetically.

"Do you think he meant it when he threatened to commit suicide to curse us if I didn't give you up, Norman," she continued earnestly, placing her hand on his shoulder and looking up trustingly into his face.

"I don't know, Rosemary," he returned gravely, "and I don't want to venture forming an opinion. No matter what he was, he's dead now, and can't threaten us any more. It's too vindictive to think about—committing suicide to lay a curse upon two people who never did anything but good to him, especially you. But let's not hold it against the poor old chap. He didn't carry it out, and no doubt he was unbalanced. Who wouldn't be with all these grimacing idols?"

"Well, no matter what he was, he was my uncle, and we must find the one who killed him. Do you think we should engage a private detective, Norman?"

"It might be well to do so, dear. The police are usually apt to suspect everybody. It's a good idea. Le Grand Fougere, for instance."

"Why—why he's that dreadful detective that has never failed, isn't he? Why not get somebody else?"

"He's the cheapest in the end, Rosemary."

"Oh, money is no object. You know that, Norman. But—oh, well, call him up. We may as well get him as any one else."

Deane was somewhat surprised at her manner, but he proceeded to do her bidding.

"He's coming right over," Deane announced as he hung up the receiver.

"And, Norman, you don't know anything about——"

"Why, Rosemary, surely you don't think for a moment that I had anything to do with killing your uncle," the young man protested, very much hurt.

"Foolish boy, of course I don't. But this has upset me so, and you know both of us quarreled with uncle and threatened him, although, to be sure, we didn't mean it."

"Who wouldn't threaten such a cur? When he found out that we were in love, what did he do? Forbade you to have anything more to do with me. Why, he even

threatened to commit suicide to lay a curse on us. And you were afraid of him, Rosemary, actually afraid of him. Why? It isn't like you to be afraid of nothing."

"I can't explain now, dear. But please be patient and trust me. There's the bell. I suppose it's the police. Judson will let them in. Will you bring them up?"

"A little late. Carbureter trouble," Police Inspector Rice, a ponderous individual, explained tersely as he followed Deane up the stairs.

"Killed instantly. The shot was fired very close to the right temple and ploughed its way through the head and out at the left temple. It took a perfectly level path. Rather unusual, eh, inspector?" the medical examiner grunted.

"It is, indeed, Mason. And that red paper disk pinned on his chest. That's unusual, too. How long has he been dead?"

"Not longer than two or three hours."

"Now, Miss Spenser, perhaps you can give me a few details. Who found the body? Did any one hear the shot? And anything else that you think might help us?"

She explained briefly but clearly how she had come up to the study in search of a book and had discovered the body upon turning on the lights. The time had been about a quarter to six. She said further that the room was practically sound-proof and that no one to her knowledge had heard the shot. She disclaimed suspicion as to the identity of the murderer.

"This gentleman is——"

"Mr. Norman Deane, who was my uncle's confidential secretary."

At that moment a tall, surprisingly thin individual with dark livid skin and small, heavily pouched, greenish eyes, appeared in the doorway.

"You called for Fougere?" he intoned in a colorless tone.

"Can he come?" Rosemary Spenser inquired quickly, almost eagerly.

"He is here. I am Fougere," the attenuated arrival announced with a ridiculous gesticulation, which was somehow impressive.

Fougere was a revelation. Gaunt and lean, he was not unlike a huge bloodhound in appearance. Although apparently anemic and undernourished, he was famed for prodigious feats of strength and for tremendous powers of endurance as well as for his phenomenal skill as a criminologist and investigator.

Le Grand Fougere! The great Fougere—he gloried in the title which some admirer had bestowed upon him, and he had lived up to it by having as yet his first case to lose. Fougere had pursued criminals over the brinks of precipices and even into the depths of the sea, unwilling that nature should wipe out a life forfeited to the law.

Rosemary Spenser shuddered as she encountered his critical gaze.

Apparently Fougere did not believe in wasting precious time in social amenities. After a brief conversation with Inspector Rice he dropped to the floor beside the murdered man and studied the situation intently. He followed the course of the bullet to the wall and pried it from the plaster. After handing the slug to the inspector he viewed the fragments of the peachbloom vases on the hearth, and even peered into the works of the clock.

While pursuing his own examination Rice watched the great detective out of the corner of his eye, but made no attempt to hamper his freedom of action. The name of Fougere was that of an idol to him. Sometimes the police failed. Fougere never failed. More than once the police had been very glad indeed to have his expert assistance. In fact, it was rumored that he was actually connected with the force in the capacity of free-lance detective. At all events everybody conceded the weight of his influence at headquarters. Superstitious people rated Fougere as a devil incarnate.

Fougere literally pawed at the carpet by the hearth. His immobile, ugly face showed not the slightest trace of emotion. He crawled alertly through the maze of fallen chairs, swooped down and triumphantly exhibited a lady's glove. After a cursory examination he handed it to the inspector. The latter received it deferentially.

"Initials 'M B,'" Rice said as he studied the glove; "has anybody any idea who 'M B' is?"

"Marion Baker, daughter of John Baker, Rune's partner," Fougere translated easily, displaying the uncanny clairvoyance for which he was noted. Evidently he had found time to search out the dead man's intimates already.

"What do you think of that red piece of paper, Fougere?"

Fougere blinked his beady eyes.

"I am trying to keep from thinking about it," he confessed.

Inspector Rice was clearly disappointed.

"The time of the murder must have been about three or four o'clock," he ruminated aloud, seeking confirmation.

"The clock stopped at half-past three," Fougere informed him.

The inspector was disconcerted and crestfallen. He had forgotten all about the clock. He busied himself with his preliminary report.

Meanwhile Fougere had been observing Judson, the gigantic butler, who after having followed the police in the room had observed everything mutely. Judson was a splendid specimen, so well built that he hardly appeared to be six feet tall, although in reality he was a little over six feet two inches.

"You are the butler here, are you not?" Fougere inquired.

"Yes, sir, I am the butler. If you will step outside, sir, I have something to tell you."

"I thought so."

Fougere motioned with his eyes, and Judson slipped into the hall. Deane and Rosemary were busily engaged. Inspector Rice was assisting the cameraman from headquarters who was photographing the body and the room. Fougere followed the butler into the hall.

"Well, Judson, out with it. What have you to tell me?"

"Well, sir, it's like this," began the huge butler mildly. "I hardly like to say anything on account of the young mistress, but I suppose it's my duty, and you'll find it out anyhow. You see, I've been here a long time, and naturally I——"

"Out with it, Judson!"

"Well, sir, it was about three o'clock this afternoon that I overheard the young mistress conversing with a strange man in the library downstairs. They were both very much excited. He said something about it being 'time to end it all' and 'have an accounting with the old wretch'—meaning the master, so I gathered. She found a revolver in his pocket, and there was a great disturbance over it."

"Have you any idea who the man was or what his relation to Miss Spenser was?"

"I couldn't tell that, sir. You see, I could only hear them talking."

"How did it end, Judson?"

"She pleaded with him and promised that she'd 'fix things' as soon as she could, and he quieted down a good bit."

"How did you happen to hear the conversation in the first place, Judson?"

"Well, sir, I was about to sweep aside the portieres to go through the library, and I heard excited whispering. I didn't mean to eavesdrop, but I couldn't help but hear it."

"Very fortunately. You would make a good detective."

Judson beamed.

"I have always thought so, sir."

"What is your theory about the murder, Judson? You have been in the house here for a long while, and ought to know how the land lies."

"Well, sir, I think that maybe the young mistress knows more about it than she's telling. Not that she killed the master herself. I don't think she'd do that. But the man she was talking with—he probably knows all about it."

"That's very reasonable, Judson. You have given me what may prove to be valuable information, and I want you to do one thing more. Say nothing about it except of course to the inspector when he questions you. You may be able to help me in this case, and I'll feel free to call on you. By the way, Judson, how tall are you?"

"Six feet two, sir," the butler answered proudly, drawing himself up to his full height.

"H'm! You have me by three inches."

Fougere re-entered the study.

"Well, inspector, any deductions?"

Inspector Rice shook his big head dolefully.

"None of any importance yet. The next step is to question the servants. I'm afraid the case isn't as easy as it looks."

"I agree with you there. In fact, I think I can promise you rather startling developments. Not of course that I will initiate them myself, but there are several features here which frankly have me guessing."

Suddenly Rosemary Spenser gave a gasping cry. Her eyes, wide and dilated, were fixed upon the large window which overlooked a long, narrow balcony. A face oddly distorted by the heavy glass was discernible for the fraction of an instant. The girl fell limply into Deane's ready arms with a pitiful moan. Fougere and Rice rushed simultaneously to the window.

CHAPTER TWO

FOUGERE MAKES A FIND

THE next morning found Norman Deane and Rosemary Spenser in the library at Rune House discussing the strange happenings which had suddenly enshrouded the old mansion in an atmosphere of mystery and apprehension.

"Why did you faint, Rose, dear? Did you think you recognized the man at the window?" Deane ventured, watching her out of the corner of his eye.

"Recognize him? Why, no; what could make you think that, Norman? I was just overwrought and tired and frightened. I think I held out rather well. Most girls would have given way long before I did."

She spoke easily and threw herself back in her chair, as if to emphasize the unimportance of the matter in so far as she was concerned. Deane felt that she was acting, but was forced to admit that it was perfect. Evidently she had steeled herself to meet just such a question.

"He was caught, you know," Deane continued calmly, his eyes still searching her face.

Her assumed composure vanished with amazing suddenness. She gripped his arm fiercely. A choking sob strained at her throat.

"Why, oh why, didn't you tell me? I thought—he got—away."

Gazing into her tense face, Deane realized with a pang that the girl was undergoing a terrific strain. He noted with misgiving that her eyes were bloodshot and that her normally clear, pink skin was a dull hectic color. Apparently she was much unnerved.

"Forgive me, Rose," he murmured contritely; "I didn't mean to worry you even for a moment. But I didn't know it meant so much to you, little girl. He did get away. But what is it all about? Surely you can trust me. I'll help you all I can, and him, whoever he is. Come trust me, dear."

"Oh, I do trust you, Norman, dear. You're wonderful. I could never have gone through all this if it wasn't for you. But you can't help. Not now, anyway. Perhaps I can explain—some time."

She pressed his hand gratefully, and he was forced to be satisfied.

Fougere and Rice appeared at that moment. Both Fougere and Deane were staying at the house during the course of the investigation.

"I am glad to see that you are quite yourself again, Miss Spencer," was Fougere's greeting. "Do you know Inspector Rice and myself had an idea that you recognized the man at the window yesterday?"

"No," she retorted coolly, toying with a paper-weight as she looked him straight in the eyes, "I didn't recognize the man at the window yesterday. It would have been very strange if I had. You see I was all tired out and overwrought. But of course you men can't understand such things. However, I'm very sorry, Mr. Fougere, to deprive you and the inspector of a wonderfully complicated plot and all that sort of thing. But if you want to make a detective story out of my uncle's murder I'm afraid you will have to leave me out."

Fougere blinked his eyes.

"H'm! You are Rune's sole heir, are you not, Miss Spenser?"

"I believe I am. Had there been any

one else in the family to whom the money might have been left, of course I would not be eligible for it. But I was uncle's only relative."

"Is it true that what one might call a feeling of 'bad blood' existed between yourself and your uncle?"

The girl's color deepened, and she shifted uneasily.

"Not exactly that. We were by no means friends. But of course it was not of my choosing."

"You might have made yourself independent upon coming into age, and yet you continued to live with your uncle. What was your object in doing that in the light of the aversion which you have expressed as having for him?"

"Why, I simply made the best of circumstances. I had lived with him since mother died and——"

Her lip trembled pitiably, and she recovered herself with an effort.

"Is it necessary to ask Miss Spenser all these personal irrelevant questions?" Deane broke in heatedly. "Surely she is upset enough already without trying to make it worse. I believe you were retained to find the murderer of Jonas Rune, Fougere, and not to waste your time annoying Miss Spenser. If you think she committed the murder or that I did, why not come out and say so."

If Fougere was disturbed by this wrathy denouncement he did not show it. His green eyes twinkled, and something like a grunt escaped him.

"I have no desire to make things unpleasant for anybody," he said evenly, "and if you have placed that interpretation upon my words I am sorry. But we must get the facts. Now, Mr. Deane, perhaps you will be good enough to account for your movements yesterday after leaving the office of Rune & Baker."

"Why, I went to my rooms."

"You didn't intend to visit Rune?"

"No."

"He had asked you to resign as his secretary, had he not, due to the fact that you constantly disagreed with him?"

"I was about to resign."

"H'm!"

Inspector Rice had listened patiently. Evidently he did not take the present trend of the investigation very seriously.

"By the way," he put in suddenly, "I was about to tell you about the Baker end of it, Fougere. We interviewed both the girl and her father—separately of course. She admits that the glove is hers, but refuses to make any explanations. Her father was seen in this neighborhood yesterday afternoon, too. However, he denies it—rather weakly because he had no alibi."

"But the motive?"

The inspector smiled in smug satisfaction.

"First class. On the day before yesterday Rune made a visit to the firm's office and discovered that his partner had appropriated eighty thousand dollars belonging to the partnership. Rune was furious and threatened Baker with imprisonment if the money wasn't returned b yfour o'clock the next day—yesterday, the day of the murder, Marion Baker happened to step in on the scene, and she joined with her father in threatening to kill the old man if he didn't relent and give more time. We got it all from a clerk who happened to hear the whole thing."

"Do you intend to arrest the Bakers?" Deane asked anxiously.

Fougere seemed to have become entirely absorbed in a book which he had picked up from the table. Rosemary looked up quickly, a surprised, almost jealous, light in her eyes.

"Not just yet, Deane. We will have to sift the evidence a bit more before we take action against anybody. But we're keeping an eye on them and on everybody else who falls under suspicion."

Fougere glanced up from his book.

"By the way, inspector," he questioned mildly, "have you ever read Stevenson's 'Treasure Island'?"

The inspector actually snorted in disgust. So this was the great Fougere! Bah! Wasting his time on some kind of a silly book when a sensational and important murder was awaiting solution and the papers were clamoring for the malefactor. A fine

detective. Rice shook himself impatiently. He had been hoping that Fougere would by some sudden twist of the wrist deliver the murderer into his hands. Now it seemed that he would have to depend entirely upon his own efforts.

"I never have. I don't have time to read," he snapped, jolted out of his usual good temper.

"You really should read Stevenson, though," Fougere persisted, displaying unusual garrulity, or was it raillery. "One finds surprises at every page. Look what I discovered at page thirteen."

He exhibited a red paper disk identical with that found on the dead body of Jonas Rune.

CHAPTER THREE

IN THE CLOSET

UNLIKE the proverbial detective, Fougere did not spend his time prowling about the house with a magnifying-glass and rummaging through everything from parlor to pantry. His phenomenal success as an investigator was based upon the observation of commonplace things rather than upon convenient discoveries in hidden drawers and behind secret panels. Fougere had an eagle eye. Anything that deviated from the normal received his attention.

Alone in his room at the close of a day which had been practically uneventful except for the finding of the second red disk, he relaxed in a comfortable chair by the window and gazed out over the expanse of wooded lawn which stretched away to a high wall and shrubbery at the back.

With a pencil and pad he checked off the suspects as they occurred to him. First of all there came the Bakers. While they were hardly worth considering under normal conditions, the element of desperation was extremely significant. Marion Baker had undoubtedly visited Rune's study on the afternoon of the murder. The lost glove proved that. Her father had been seen loitering near the house. Worse, he had denied it.

Next there was Deane. His actions were far from satisfactory. His hatred for Rune was common knowledge in the house. Fougere felt that Deane knew more than he had told. The mysterious prowler who had unfortunately escaped was somehow connected with Rosemary Spenser. The stranger had been heard to threaten Rune. Rosemary had threatened the old man also. Of the servants Fougere decided that none were worth considering with the exception of Judson and Marie Girard, the dainty French maid.

Of course Judson had had no active part in the affair. Fougere had considered him only inasmuch as he had contributed important information. With Marie Girard it was different. The detective sensed that she was concealing something, but whether her knowledge was guilty or not he had no means of determining.

The discovery of the second red disk in the library puzzled Fougere. It seemed to limit the guilt to some one in the house. Fougere considered everybody without omitting even Inspector Rice. Still he could form no conclusion. He was frankly at a loss. However, it was not his habit to waste time in idle speculation.

Discouraged and disgusted more than he would have admitted, he rose to his feet and donned his coat and hat. A turn in the grounds would do him good. He was getting stale sitting in the room.

He reached the rear of the house without meeting anybody. It was dusk, and the trees and shadows presented an impenetrable line of shadow in the background. The detective's quick ears caught the sound of hushed voices as he made his way toward the wall.

A shadow detached itself from the line of shrubbery. Fougere stopped short and confronted Rosemary Spenser. She shrank back with a cry of dismay.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded angrily.

"Getting some fresh air."

"And incidentally spying on me."

The girl was furious.

"No, Miss Spenser, I came out here to get some fresh air as I just told you. Of

course I couldn't but hear you talking with somebody."

"Oh!"

"I wonder if by any chance the person with whom you have just been conversing is the man who escaped yesterday—the man with whom you were talking in the library on the afternoon of the murder; the man who——"

"Stop! He wasn't, but you forget yourself, Fougere. I hired you to find the murderer of my uncle, not to waste your time in prying into things which do not concern you. You have had time enough to make a start at least, and yet you have done nothing. I will require your services no longer. You may send in your bill."

Fougere was by no means discomfited. He was moved neither by passion nor by temperament.

"I am sorry that you will not tell me all you know about the affair," he replied politely enough. "However, I never drop a case until it is completed. I would like to remain at the house here until I have had a little more opportunity to study the situation. But if you really wish me to leave I will go at once."

"No, I really didn't mean what I said. I spoke hastily, but I am so unnerved by what has happened. The murderer of my uncle must be found."

Fougere bowed.

"Give me twenty-four more hours," he asked, "and if I cannot produce the murderer, then I will give up the case as my first failure."

The confidence of the man jarred her. She shivered and walked away trembling.

The little clock on the mantel struck twelve, and Rosemary was still reading an exciting novel which she had selected as best calculated to take her mind off the situation at Rune House. Reclining on a sumptuous chaise longue, she presented a dainty picture in her charming negligee. Jonas Rune, despite his hatred for his pretty niece, had always insisted that she dress well, perhaps because it galled his artistic sense to look upon anything discordant. Rosemary pouted childishly as she threw the book down and rose lazily to her feet.

"Didn't end as it should have," she complained to herself.

She sat down before her dressing-table and began combing her thick golden hair. For a while she eyed herself coquettishly in the glass, and then began to massage her fair pink skin. In the midst of her task she wiped her hands hurriedly and raised them to the back of her neck. But she found no necklace there to unclasp.

Momentarily dismayed, she recollected that she had left her pearl necklace in a desk in the library when it had broken that very afternoon. The necklace was her most valuable possession, as it was an heirloom which had belonged to her dead mother and which was composed of exquisitely matched pearls. Without hesitation Rosemary threw a varicolored silk dressing gown over her shoulders and made her way softly into the hall. All the lights had been extinguished, and she was forced to feel her way along the wall. She tiptoed quietly down the stairs and along the lower hallway.

A muffled sound as of a cautious footstep came from the direction of the library. The girl paused at a little closet underneath the staircase. She was vastly relieved to find it unlocked. She glided in noiselessly and closed the door all but an inch. Her heart was pounding rapidly and her knees knocked together.

A footfall sounded on the stairs above her head. Somebody was coming downstairs. Cats outside began an indescribable moaning. Somewhere in the great house a clock struck the half-hour dismally. The girl shivered both with cold and with an indefinable fear.

A strip of moonlight which streamed in from a window near the library door betrayed the identity of the newcomer. It was Norman Deane. Rosemary's heart beat faster and faster. Her breath came stertorously. What was Norman Deane doing in the hallway at this time of night.

She almost screamed as she noticed a revolver in his hand. Even more significant, in the other hand he held a roll of red paper, without doubt that from which the red disks had been cut. Had he heard her coming down the stairs?

The girl's head swam. It was too much for a mere mortal to solve. Could it be possible that the Norman Deane whom she knew and loved was the same Norman Deane who was stealthily creeping along the hallway with a gun in one hand and the unmistakable red paper in the other? What did it argue? That Norman Deane was the murderer of her uncle? Loath as she was to consider the thought, Rosemary Spenser was forced to admit to herself that appearances if nothing more were very much against her lover.

Deane passed into the shadow nearer the library. The door seemed to be opening of its own accord inch by inch. Then a woman's arm came into the path of light and seized Deane gently by the coat, drawing him into the room. Rosemary could hear soft whispering and caught a glimpse of Deane's companion. It was Marie Girard, the pretty French maid.

"Come, dear, I have been waiting," the maid said gently.

Then the door closed.

Rosemary's romance had tottered so suddenly that she was dazed. Had Norman Deane crept stealthily down the hall with an incriminating pistol and red paper in his hands or had she imagined it? Had he met Marie with expressions of endearment or had she likewise imagined it? For the while she almost discredited her senses. It was too much. It meant that Norman Deane was not only implicated in the crime, but that he had been unfaithful to herself. There could be no other conclusion.

The closet door creaked ominously. The line of light narrowed, disappeared. The latch fell into place with a sharp click. Faint with terror the girl shrank back against a row of cloaks which hung in the back of the closet. She reached out her hand and clutched wildly for support. She grasped a loose fold of cloth. To her horror the cloth moved. Before she could utter a sound a powerful hand stole along her arm and covered her mouth. Another hand crushed her throat cruelly. Her tortured breath came in gasps, her head swam, and all was darkness.

(*Continued in our next issue.*)

A MONEY PRINTER

CLAUDIO LOPEZ, who said he was a bull fighter of Spain, pleaded guilty before Judge Mulqueen in General Sessions to a charge of attempted grand larceny in the second degree. He admitted that he sold to a detective a counterfeiting machine for $300.

For some time complaints had been received by the police that a man who frequented the corridors and lobbies of the Pennsylvania Hotel had been swindling Spaniards and Italians by selling them for large amounts a device which he said would make perfect counterfeits. Detective Salvator Innella was assigned to investigate.

Innella met Lopez, ostensibly by chance, in the lobby of the Pennsylvania on August 13 last. He posed as a waiter and told the toreador that he was hard up and anxious to make some easy money.

"Have you any money at all?" the detective was asked.

He told Lopez that he had $300 and could raise more if necessary and Lopez at once became interested and respectful. He took the detective to the Eighty-fourth street address—a rooming house. There he showed him an elaborate device, a veneered box filled with buzzers and retorts and lights and bells. Accepting the $300 as a part payment for the device, Lopez proceeded to demonstrate it to the detective.

By the use of creosote he managed to make a fair impression of a large bill on ordinary typewriter paper, which he had first run through the device.

About this time the detective signaled watchers who had been posted in the hall outside the door and they came in and arrested Lopez.

Popez is said to have told his victims that he learned the secret of counterfeiting through work which he did as a youth in the Spanish treasury.

"Loaded Dice"

by Henry J. Martin

CHAPTER ONE

WITH an artistic twist of his wrist and a snap of his fingers, "Slick" Hoyle shot the two dice, which he had previously "loaded," across the dirty floor of the rear room of Belt Jamison's cold-drink stand. As the cubes of chance spun around several times he leaned forward on his knees, his keen eyes greedily upon them.

They stopped and settled on seven; Jamison sighed in disgust; Hoyle smiled and picked up the new crisp ten-dollar notes. This made a total of ten such notes that he had won in the last half an hour.

Jamison, the loser, picked up the dice and examined them incredulously. This was the third time that he had inspected them during the course of the game. Hoyle eyed his opponent slyly as the dice were scrutinized. But again the loser apparently could find nothing wrong.

"How about a little stud?" growled Jamison, arising. "Craps ain't my line, noway."

"Poker ain't exactly my line, neither, but I'll take you on," said Hoyle, pocketing the dice. "Where's your cards?"

Jamison produced an apparently new deck of cards from a drawer of a round-top table, which he handed to Hoyle. After the loaded-dice artist had carefully examined the backs of half a dozen or more the poker game began.

Hoyle's luck now entirely changed. He lost all his winnings, then practically all his "stake." As he debated with himself as to whether or not to stake his last five dollars a peculiar mark on the back of one of the cards caught his eye. On examining it closer he found a very delicate line, printed heavier than the rest, which was almost invisible and which had primarily escaped his critical eye. Then, upon further investigation, he found that all the cards were marked!

With an ugly frown Hoyle shoved the table aside and arose.

"Marked cards, eh?" he sneered, darting a savage glance at Jamison.

"Had your eyes open, didn't you?" Jamison shot back. "Didn't I fall for your loaded dice?"

Since any trick, fair or foul, was tolerated in their mode of gambling so long as the trickster could get by with it, Hoyle was forced to accept the consequences. Murmuring something to himself, he left the place.

CHAPTER TWO

IT did not become "Slick," who had acquired his title due to his supposed cleverness, to fall a victim to such a hackneyed device as the remote marked card trick, so the fact was not easy to forget. Then, too, his associates were constantly reminding him that he had played the proverbial fish, which kept the humiliating occurrence fresh on his mind. All the time, however, he was considering a plan to retaliate.

About a week later in a poker game he made the acquaintance of a neatly dressed, smooth-talking stranger who had recently joined his particular circle, by the name of Mayhew. After the game, in which they both played in hard luck, Hoyle accepted the newcomer's invitation to an early morning lunch at the little eating-house near by.

"I'm looking for a pal," Mayhew advised, after they were seated. "I've got a good thing that it takes two men to work. The bird I had helping me double-crossed me and got away with all the dough."

"What's your line?"

"See this?" Mayhew produced a small velvet box, which he handled very carefully.

The contents of the box caused the hawk-eyed Hoyle to sit up and take notice.

"What! Diamonds! They look like the real thing!"

"Only one of them is real," Mayhew informed, "and the other is such a clever imitation that it takes a trained eye to detect the difference."

"What's the lay?"

"It's this," Mayhew explained. "We must find a fall guy; then I'll bait the hole with the genuine stone and you come along and hook the fish with the imitation. This scheme is good for five hundred dollars in every town we work. Of course we'll have to find some bird who is a nut on diamonds and who don't know too much about them."

"I got yer!" exclaimed Hoyle suddenly. "I know a guy who'll fall for it like lead!"

"Good," Mayhew continued. "You ought to know how to work this burg pretty well."

"This bird I'm talking about is named Jamison—a regular crank on stones, and yet he don't know too much about them. He's a two-by-four gambler, but always keeps a roll on cold storage. But, say, how is this scheme worked?"

At this moment the arrival of another party at the adjoining table brought their conversation to an end. After the meal both men proceeded to Mayhew's room to map out plans for their undertaking.

CHAPTER THREE

BY the middle of the following afternoon the partners had begun the execution of their plans. Jamison had been decided upon as the first one to play the "fall guy." Hoyle sat alone in Mayhew's room, awaiting the return of his associate, who had gone to "do his bit." In due time footsteps on the outside announced the return of the partner.

"It worked fine!" announced Mayhew, bursting into the room. "I just came from Jamison's place. He was alone, and I introduced myself as a soda-water salesman. Had quite a chat with him, all the time displaying the real diamond. I noticed that he eyed it several times during the course of our conversation. Then I left his place for a short while, returning much alarmed, telling him that the diamond had been lost somewhere near by, then pretended to make a good search for it. When I went away I offered five hundred dollars' reward for the return of the ring."

"How did he take it?" asked Hoyle eagerly.

"He fell for it," Mayhew returned. "Now, you take the imitation, and by using a little headwork you should be able to bring home the bacon."

"Leave it to me," assured Hoyle, reaching for his hat.

"But, remember," reminded Mayhew, "whatever you get you're to come back here and whack up fifty-fifty—see?"

CHAPTER FOUR

AN hour later Hoyle entered Jamison's place of business—a cold-drink stand conducted as a blind to provide a place for gambling—which was located in the suburbs of the city. As Hoyle often frequented this particular "joint," his presence on this occasion was not unusual. A game having been in progress in the rear, there were several men present upon his arrival. He waited patiently, however, until he and Jamison were alone before attempting to carry out his plan.

After a while Jamison walked to the front and leaned against the door-facing. Hoyle, considering it the opportune time, strolled leisurely out into the street. Then, satisfying himself that Jamison was eyeing him at intervals, he sat down upon the curbing a short distance away, as if to enjoy the cool afternoon breeze. So far not a word had passed between them.

For some time he sat there smoking a cigarette. At length he picked up a short stick and began digging into the soft dirt at his feet, as if unconscious of his action. All the time he was positive that Jamison was watching him.

Suddenly he sprang up. He seemed thunderstruck. His eyes were set in a fixed stare upon an object in his hand. Apparently he had found it in the loose sand at his feet. During it all, however, he had kept an eye cocked at Jamison, who was visibly curious to learn the cause of the sudden joy.

Then, without speaking a word, Hoyle almost ran over Jamison, who had moved towards him, and started down the street.

"Wait there a minute!" called Jamison. "You don't pull nothing like that on me!"

Hoyle made no reply.

"Wait there, I said!" Jamison commanded.

Hoyle stopped.

"Well?" he asked. "Want me?"

"What's that in your hand?"

"That's my business!"

"It might be mine, too!"

"Explain yourself!"

"If that's the diamond ring I lost you're going to give it up." Jamison made a move as if he were going to force it from the other man. Hoyle, with the cunning of a cat, reached towards his hip pocket. As he had a reputation for sometimes carrying a "black-jack," Jamison became calm.

"Who said anything about a diamond ring?" Hoyle asked, keeping the object concealed from Jamison's anxious eyes.

"You might as well come clean," returned Jamison. "Lost it a day or so ago. Don't mind paying a couple of hundred to you for finding it."

"Is that so?" sneered Hoyle. "You never had a diamond ring like this, and never will."

He opened his hand so that the other man could catch a glimpse of the ring.

The sight of the glistening stone seemed to cause Jamison more eagerness. His hands played about nervously, as if itching for its possession.

"Why don't you use a little horse sense, Hoyle?" Jamison asked. "How do you know it's the real thing? Suppose it was, you couldn't get away with it. If the dicks knew you had such a ring they'd arrest you on suspicion. I'll give you three hundred dollars for it."

Hoyle remained silent, seemingly lost in serious reflection. All the time he was turning the ring over and over in his hand, eyeing it as one would a prized possession.

"Don't see how I can do it?" he said finally. "Think I'll blow town."

"Now, look here, Hoyle," said Jamison persistently, "I'll make you one more proposition; if you'll turn that ring over to me and keep your mouth shut, I'll give you five hundred dollars."

There was a short silence.

"Where's your money?" demanded Hoyle.

Jamison hurried into his place, returning shortly with a roll of currency. He counted out the required sum, and with an air of delight received the ring.

Hoyle tucked the notes into his pocket and hastened away. He was now bound for the depot, as he did not intend that his partner, Mayhew, should receive half the profits. Five hundred dollars was more

money than he had possessed in many a day, and he planned to leave town immediately. "Do the other man first" was his motto, which he invariably practiced.

Not more than a hundred yards from Jamison's place, however, two familiar faces delayed him. These two men, who had been concealed behind a hedge, were plain-clothes men from headquarters.

"What are you looking for now, bootleg liquor?" hissed Hoyle as he was told to stop.

"Not exactly," one of the detectives returned. "Why did Jamison hand you a roll in front of his place just a moment ago? We happened along just in time to see you receive the money. What are you up to now?"

"What if he did hand it to me?" Hoyle demanded. "Is that any guy's business but mine and his?"

"Then you refuse to tell why you received that money?"

"Yes, I refuse!" declared Hoyle emphatically. "I don't see why a man's got to tell his personal affairs."

"I believe they're working hand in hand after all, Mike," the detective commented, as he inserted his hand into Hoyle's pocket and brought forth the currency.

Hoyle appeared very indignant as the two men examined it.

"Guess we got the whole works now," one of the detectives said as he snapped handcuffs on Hoyle. "We've known for a day or two that Jamison was disposing of a lot of bills for a gang of counterfeiters, but we never once thought that you two were working together. Guess we're in luck. These bills are all phony."

Hoyle was dumfounded. He submitted to the arrest without a word of protest.

"Come on, Mike," the detective continued to his partner. "We better land this fellow Jamison before he gets wise and blows town."

A PLOT TO BREAK JAIL

BECAUSE while acting as "trusty" in the White Plains County jail, he turned over to Warden Hill two automatic pistols, an ammonia gun and several saws which had been intrusted to him by two other prisoners with a view of bringing about a wholesale jail delivery, Benjamin Myers of Mount Vernon, indicted for grand larceny, escaped with a suspended sentence.

Myers was recently accused of stealing two diamond rings belonging to Selby S. Myers of 78 East Fourth street, Mount Vernon, his personal friend.

The prisoner through his lawyer, J. Edward Quinn of Mount Vernon, pleaded for leniency.

"This man had been chauffeur at the White House previous to the armistice," said Lawyer Quinn. "He also frustrated a jail delivery in the White Plains jail. He says he pawned the diamonds and with some of his own money he gave it to a vaudeville artist to enable her to further her career as an actress and she has cast him aside."

The owner of the diamonds sent a letter to Judge Bleakley seeking leniency for the defendant.

Extra precautions were taken by Sheriff Werner to insure Myers's safety. Quinn said that after Myers had divulged the plan for the jail delivery the men engineering the plan in some way or another told him that he was "doomed" and that he would never leave the jail alive. It was after Hanley D. Nash and Roy Sullivan, two prisoners who planned the escape, were on their way to Sing Sing that Myers was brought before Judge Bleakley.

Myers said that Nash, who received the pistols from some woman visitor, asked him to hide the weapons and that he then turned them over to Warden Hill.

Although Myers escaped for this crime, it was said that there are warrants filed against him in Washington, D. C., and Bridgeport on larceny charges.

How the Handcuff Men Work

By EDWIN TARRISSE

THE handcuff and manacle are no new things. Methods for fastening the arms and legs of prisoners to prevent them from escaping or from doing injury to themselves or their captors were in vogue in ancient Egypt, where hieroglyphic pictures on walls of ruins show men and women manacled with chains or lengths of flexible iron rods loosely fastened by the ends so that the bond could be adjusted in a circle and thus grip the arm or leg.

Various kinds of inventions for restraining criminals have been devised since the days of the Pharaohs, but the modern manacle is far different from the heavy metal clasps which pressed into the flesh and inflicted continual torture until death ensued from the pain if the victim remained fettered long enough. To-day the police handcuff, the leg-iron and other appliances for restraining prisoners are so designed that they cause no pain unless, in the effort to free himself, the man wrenches and pulls at his hand and legs in the struggle to break the fetters.

There are ways, however, as everybody knows, by which what seems to be a perfectly protecting handcuff may be removed and the wearer gain his liberty. These methods have been discovered by detectives in the larger cities of this country as well as in Europe, where prisoners have escaped, although so fettered that it seemed impossible for them to loosen their shackles.

Among the criminal fraternity in the United States some of those who apparently can remove the most clever devices to hold them helpless are termed "neverstays," meaning, of course, that they always escape from confinement. There are also experts in throwing off fetters who are not at all criminals and never have been, experts who give entertainments in the theatres that are really most astonishing exhibitions of skill along this line. A description of their acts will convey an idea of their wonderful dexterity in releasing themselves from bondage.

Among the most interesting feats are those of the man who manages to escape in some manner from all sorts of regulation handcuffs, manacles, leg-irons, etc. Several of these are placed on him, and then the performer retires to a small cabinet and emerges in a few minutes entirely free from all restraint. The handcuffs are in every case genuine, and no confederates are employed. It is really a very clever trick.

There are several trick handcuffs made for such exhibitions, and if the performer be allowed to use his own cuffs they may be of this kind. There are trick cuffs of various sorts. Some of these simply pull open and are never properly locked. In other makes the links of the connecting chains are weakened. Again, the lock itself has been tampered with, so that a blow on the hinge serves to release it. Many of them may be opened with a loop of catgut or shoestring inserted into the keyhole. This catches the lock and jerks it back. The style of cuff known as the "German transport chain" is never really unlocked; the hands merely slip the chain after certain manipulations of the hands and arms. Most padlocks are picked with one of the numerous skeleton keys with which the performer is sure to provide himself. French fetter locks are opened by finding the proper combination. This is largely a matter of touch, facilitated by placing a wire spring between the arms of the catch to keep them well-pressed back.

If the performer is not to be searched his task is comparatively easy. Keys may be concealed in his clothing in various special

pockets or in the draperies of his cabinet. If, however, he is to be searched he must take precautions. Special keys are then concealed in a false shoe heel, in the mouth, in the hair or in an artificial finger, which is hollow. In any of these the article may be hidden. If the key is hidden in the hair, this should be long and bushy, and the performer after having his hands examined may say to the examining committee: "Would you like to examine my hair also and see that it conceals nothing?" As he says this he passes one of his hands through his hair with a careless motion, and thereby extracts the key, which he promptly conceals in one of his hands or elsewhere. As the committee has already seen the hand, they did not look at it again, and it is safe for the performer to hide the key in it. A key may also be concealed in the corner of a handkerchief, and in this case an opposite corner can be reached with the teeth. The key being reached in this manner, the performer employs it to open the cuffs, as described.

There are many contrivances that are used to open the locks of various handcuffs under conditions in which it would be found impossible, even if the performer were in possession of the key, to use it. It is said that one imitator of an escaped prisoner has introduced an ingenious contrivance of this kind with which the majority of regulation handcuffs can be opened. This contrivance is nothing more than a tiny steel tube, tapered, with a wire fitted through the centre. To open the irons the end is thrust into the lock, and the spiral lock spring is caught with the longest end of the tube and then pulled outward. It is quite an easy matter to open cuffs and irons by this device. In England a new regulation key has been adopted, having the thread on the outside instead of the inside. The contrivance of this man, it is said, will open almost any cuff having this improvement, they being simply pushed home until it accommodates the thread of the particular cuff used.

It must be borne in mind that handcuffs are of various makes, but that every cuff of a certain make is the same, so that the same regulation key will open all of them. Consequently the same means may be relied upon to open all of them.

Another contrivance invented within recent years is the means whereby the majority of regulation handcuffs and leg-irons, fitted with powerful springs, can be opened. A key is known as a "master key" when it will unlock two or more handcuffs.

Houdini, the noted magician, devised an ingenious master key, with which he was enabled to open almost any regulation handcuff of the English make. It was composed of a regular key split on one side so that it could be forced open more or less to accommodate the size of the thread in the lock presented. Three or four split keys of this variety, of different sizes, fastened together upon a common framework, would enable the performer to escape from almost any regulation cuff presented to him. A specially long key, and a key having a left-handed thread, may also be included in the performer's outfit.

Considering the various makes of handcuffs and release therefrom, it may be well to describe first of all one known as the "bean handcuff." This is a cuff of American make, which when first patterned was considered exceptionally safe. It is exceedingly difficult for the performer to reach the keyhole of these cuffs with the key when once they have been fastened upon him. Yet in presenting this trick the performer not only has no duplicate key, but even allows the keyholes to be sealed, thereby showing that no duplicate key of any kind is used. The release in this case is effected by means of a novel device. This is inserted in the lock, and being pressed home forces back the spring catch. The catch being forced back, it can be slipped open almost instantaneously, and the release is effected. This is a trick that usually interests the audience, and one frequently accomplished because of the effect presented in allowing the keyholes to be sealed.

This "bean cuff" must not be confounded with the "bean giant," which in many respects is the safest and most perfect handcuff ever devised. If this cuff be locked upon the wrists with the keyhole away from

the fingers, it is impossible to open it even with the aid of the key. The performer usually produces a decided impression by locking the cuffs upon some member of the committee, giving him the key and asking him to unlock himself. It will be found impossible to do so. In order to open the cuffs a curious instrument must be used. It consists of a long strip of metal, to the end of which a key similar to the original is fastened, though of finer make. When the performer enters his cabinet he gets possession of this metal strip, and holding the broad end of it beneath his teeth, he inserts the key into the lock, and by this means opens the handcuffs. If the cuffs are fastened with the keyhole away from the body they may be forced on to a key fastened in the woodwork of the stage, in the cabinet or held in some secure position and opened by being turned upon the key. Another important point is that these cuffs will not be properly locked until the two small knobs above and below the keyhole are pressed home.

A very ingenious and complicated cuff, known as the "figure 8" or "plug 8" handcuff, has also been invented. The cuffs having been closed upon the wrists, they are fastened by means of a small screw or plug, which is firmly screwed into the lock. In order to open these cuffs it is necessary to unscrew the plug, then to insert the key, and turn first to the right, then to the left, similar to opening the lock on a bank vault, so many times until the catch is released. In order to escape from this handcuff it is necessary first of all to unscrew the plug. This may be done by means of a contrivance held in the teeth or by a more ingenious mechanism of a rather complicated nature which is inserted into the plug, and one of the wheels being held between the teeth and the other wheel is turned by means of a tongue, and this serves to unscrew the plug.

SPEEDY BURGLARS

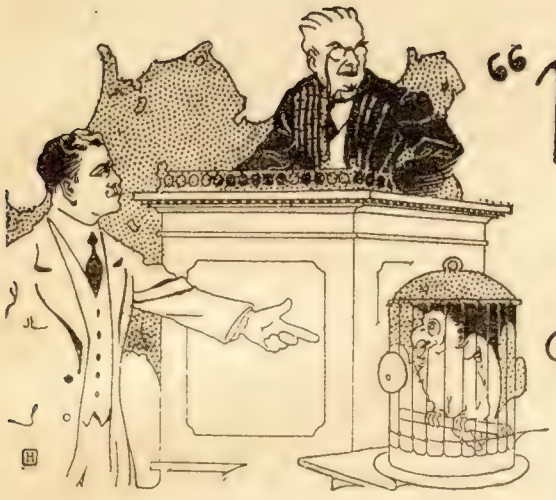
TAKING advantage of a thirty minute absence of Mrs. Ebenezer Hill from her apartment on the third floor of the apartment hotel at 8 and 10 East Forty-eighth street the other evening, speedy burglars jimmied their way through the front door, ransacked every room and escaped with more than $3,000 in jewelry. The news of the robbery was kept secret by the police, who are at work on the case.

Mrs. Hill said that virtually all her personal jewelry then in the house was taken as well as her husband's valuables. Mr. Hill is an engineer. He is in Canada, where he and Mrs. Hill spent the summer. She returned home recently to reopen the apartment.

The burglars apparently kept a close watch on Mrs. Hill's movements, and were practised in rush jobs. She left the house at 6:45 p. m., and everything was intact. When she returned at 7:15 she found the place in disorder. There was evidence of a minute search by the visitors, who, however, spurned many pieces of silver that laid about and took only the jewelry.

Necklaces, lavallieres, bracelets, rings, scarf pins and other articles were taken. The robbery would have been greater but that Mrs. Hill's more costly jewelry was in a vault.

The apartment hotel is in a neighborhood where burglars have been very active during recent months, their aggregate loot running into the hundreds of thousands. It is a block from the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. Despite a corps of special policemen who patrol regularly, and a staff of elevator operators and others in the house, no clues are known to have been found to the thieves.



"White Devil"

by Herman Peterson

VISITORS who come to our rooms, regardless of whom they are or what their errand, have one question in common:

"Where did you get that bird?"

They refer to White Devil, the big parrot who delights to perch on the swinging hoop by the window and whistle and call to passersby on the street below.

To answer the often-repeated question necessitates the spinning of a rather long yarn, for White Devil was a gift to Kelly, the payment he asked for a service rendered.

We were preparing one evening, Kelly and I, to amuse ourselves with a couple of hours spent at one of the uptown vaudeville shows when Mrs. Mahady, our buxom landlady, tapped at the library door and entered the room.

"There's an old gentleman below—all het up and excited he is—who's after wantin' to see the Kelly," she announced between heavy breaths, for it is no easy matter for her to climb the stairs to our rooms. "And if you'll be askin' me, 'tis crazy I think the man is with the way he's carryin' on."

"Who is he?" demanded Kelly from his bedroom where he was dressing.

"'Tis a mystery, no less," replied Mrs. Mahady, placing her two hands on her ample hips. "The old fool dunno hisself. Anyway, he niver so much as mintioned the fact that he possessed a name."

"Oh, well. Show him up!" said Kelly.

Mrs. Mahady hesitated between obedience and doubt. "He's a nut," she cautioned.

"We'll watch him. And you'd better not be leaving him downstairs too long alone. He may be a burglar."

Exclaiming with dismay, Mrs. Mahady stormed through the door and galloped down the stairs.

I could hear Kelly chuckling over her sudden and thunderous departure. The good lady of the house weighed no less than a full two hundred pounds, and on the uncarpeted steps leading up from the first floor to our rooms she was not exactly soundless.

"Get a club ready," Kelly called out to me when the house had settled once more upon its foundations after the shock of Mrs. Mahady's descent. "He may be a nut at that."

Just then the door flew open, and into the room burst a wild-eyed, disheveled man. He was hatless and his snow-white hair stood, every strand of it, on end. Coat and waistcoat were opened; his shirt collar was unfastened on one side and a black four-in-

hand tie was twisted to under one ear. He planted himself in the middle of the room and flung his arms wide with a gesture of despair.

"My boy! My boy!" he cried in a voice damp with unshed tears. "They've arrested my boy!"

Kelly, his hands in his trousers pocket, came quietly in from his bedroom. He eyed the excited man calmly.

"Sit down!" he said about as gently as an old army sergeant might have said it.

I pushed out a chair; without another word the man sank into it.

"Who are you?" demanded Kelly crisply.

"Ross Banester," the man answered, and he seemed hardly to know what he said.

"Who's your boy?"

"Howard Banester."

"Where is he?"

The man grasped the arms of the chair. "He's in—in jail!" he choked. "They've got him in jail."

"What for?"

"Murder! His wife."

"Murder, eh! Then jail's the proper place for him," said Kelly coldly.

Banester jumped to his feet and began to wave his arms again. He fairly screamed at Kelly:

"What! The proper place! You think my boy a murderer—a wife-killer? I tell you he didn't do it!"

The man was so furiously agitated I half expected him to lay violent hands upon my roommate and do him some injury. I took a step forward. Kelly waved me back. He pointed to the chair in which Banester had been sitting.

"Sit down," he snapped.

Banester obeyed. His mouth hung open; he breathed laboriously.

Kelly leaned against the table and lit a cigarette. The cigarette was half consumed before he said a word; then he spoke very quietly:

"When you calm down so that you can talk less like a raving maniac and more like a normal human being, we'll be glad to listen to you. But not before."

Banester gulped and took a number of deep breaths. He attempted to adjust his disordered clothing and brushed a hand through his tangled hair. In a few moments his breathing became more normal and some color crept back into his blanched face.

"I'm all upset," he confessed hoarsely.

"Perfectly natural under the circumstances, perhaps," said Kelly. "But not at all necessary. Just be quiet a few minutes longer. No need of being in a rush. You've got all the time in the world."

"I suppose you're right," Banester said with an effort. "I suppose you're right. But it has been an awful shock to me to learn that my son is shut up in jail accused of the murder of his own wife."

"Of course it's a shock," Kelly agreed. "But—overcome it now, control yourself long enough to tell us what happened."

"There isn't very much to tell," Banester began. "Howard—he's only a boy—twenty-eight years old. Been married for three years. For two years he and Ellen—she's his wife—have lived on a little farm about thirty miles from here. They always seemed to get on very well together; they seemed to think a great deal of each other."

Kelly nodded for him to go on.

"Yesterday morning Howard left home rather early. It was necessary for him to come to the city on some business or other. Then he spent the greater part of the day with me. In the evening he returned to the farm. He found his wife lying on the library floor—dead. She had been murdered without a doubt, for her neck was broken. She had been dead for hours. The room was in some disorder. Evidently she had put up a struggle in attempting to protect herself."

"Did Howard call in the authorities?" Kelly asked.

"No. I suppose he was too excited at the time. When he was positive Ellen was dead he rushed across the road to the neighbors—the Camerons. They spread the alarm."

"How came Howard to be accused? There must have been some reason, some evidence against him."

"There was. The sheriff in searching the

house for clues discovered a shirt belonging to Howard. It was spotted with fresh blood."

"But you said Ellen died of a broken neck. Where did the blood come from?"

"Her nose was found to be badly bruised. She probably was struck in some manner during the struggle preceding her death. Anyway, the coroner declares she suffered from nasal hemorrhages at the time of death."

"What does Howard have to say about the bloody shirt?"

This question plainly distressed the elder Banester. He wrung his hands, and his voice quivered as he answered:

"That's the damning part of it all. He admits that the shirt is his. Further he admits that the spots on it are blood and that the blood is Ellen's."

Kelly whistled softly. "That's bad! With that admission the coroner could do little else than find Ellen apparently met death at the hands of her husband."

"That's just what he did!" cried Banester.

"Why, certainly! There was nothing else to be done. I would have done the same thing had I been the coroner. But that doesn't prove anything. How does Howard account for the bloody shirt?"

"He claims that in the morning before he left home Ellen was cleaning in the library. When he came into the house from the barn where he had been tending the cattle, Ellen was standing on a stepladder by one of the windows arranging the curtains. In some manner she slipped. She clutched at the top of the ladder to save herself from falling. The ladder tipped and she was thrown against the top step, her nose striking the corner of the thing. The blow was rather a severe one and brought immediate blood. It also dazed Ellen, which seems natural. He put his arm around her to steady her on her feet until she should recover from the shock, and she leaned against him for the moment. In that way he got the blood on his shirt."

Kelly nodded. "Plausible. That could account for her bruised nose. And a bruised nose like that could easily be made to bleed again—slight overexertion of the body would do it. Ellen must have exerted herself when she fought her assailant. That could account for the hemorrhage at the time of her death."

Banester leaned forward in his chair. "Then you think there is reasonable doubt of Howard's guilt?" he demanded eagerly.

"Certainly! Because the boy's in jail pending an examination and a possible indictment on the charge of murder doesn't make him a murderer."

Banester mopped his dampened forehead. "It's a relief to hear you say that! Personally, I know the boy's innocent. What father wouldn't think that? That you can conceive of his innocence is a great help to me. And now, Mr. Kelly, would you visit the scene of the crime? I would like to have you investigate."

"We'll go the first thing in the morning," Kelly answered. "Call for us with your car."

"I'll be here at daylight if you wish."

"We'll be ready for you."

The Banester farmhouse, a white-painted story-and-a-half frame structure, was no different from the ordinary run of farmhouses except that it had been modernized by the addition of wide porches which we later discovered ran about three sides of the building. French doors, rather than windows, opened into all the rooms facing the porches.

Banester took us at once to the library. Here the crime had been committed. This was a large low-ceilinged room. Entrance was from the dining-room through doors almost entirely of glass. One of these doors was broken. The two outer walls of the room gave out to the porches through no less than eight French doors, four to a wall. The Banesters certainly believed in light and plenty of it.

Next to the door leading to the dining-room was an immense stone fireplace. Drawn up before it was a comfortable davenport backed by a long, heavy, bookladened table. Over the table, at one end, hanging from the ceiling by a chain, was a swinging hoop of bright metal—a parrot perch.

There was a desk in the room, a dainty mahogany affair, evidently Mrs. Banester's personal property. There were several easy-chairs scattered about, two of them being now overturned. Bookcases, with leaden glass doors, lined the walls where they were not broken by doors or fireplace. Against one of these bookcases a stepladder had fallen, smashing in the glass of the door and scattering the books from the shelves. A dust mop and a pail of water stood on the floor near the centre of the room. By them lay an overturned bottle of furniture polish, tightly corked, from which the liquid had not escaped.

Banester pointed to a stain on the rug near to the fireplace. The mark was no larger than I could have covered with two fingers, a rusty discoloration—blood.

"The body was there," he said simply.

"I noticed," Kelly said, the first words he had spoken since entering the house, "Mrs. Banester was a small woman. She had blonde, curly hair, which was bobbed. She wore a pink house dress and freshly cleaned white high-heeled slipper at the time of her death."

"Yes, she did!" Ross Banester exclaimed with surprise. "But how'd you know that?"

Kelly pointed to the stain on the rug.

"You told us Mrs. Banester was bleeding from the nose when she died. Then her nose was where that stain is now. Her feet were here where you see this faint white mark, which must have come from newly cleaned white slippers. I say slippers rather than shoes, because of the season. The distance between the mark and the stain is about five feet, not any more than that. Therefore she was not tall."

Banester rubbed his stubbled chin. He had not shaved that morning.

"Now that you mention it, I can figure that much out myself," he said. "But about the bobbed, blonde hair. I don't get that."

Kelly permitted himself a smile. "I count no less than nine strands of golden blonde hair on the rug." He stooped and picked up a hair. "The hair is very curly, and when drawn out to its full extent is not more than a foot in length. Short hair on a woman these days means it has been bobbed."

"I see now," Banester said. He was visibly impressed by Kelly's powers of observation and ratiocination. "But about the pink dress?"

"Mrs. Banester tore her dress on that stepladder. A bit of the cloth is still clinging to one of the steps."

I have said Banester was impressed by Kelly's observations and his deductions from those observations. He was, but I wasn't. I had been around with Kelly too much for that; I knew when he was making his "grandstand plays" when he was advertising his abilities. He had noticed the stain, the white mark, the golden hairs and the heel-prints on the rug and the piece of pink cloth caught onto a step of the ladder, and so had I observed the same things. He had deduced from his observations the general appearance of Mrs. Banester at the time of her death, and so had I. And having observed and deduced, I realized that Kelly was playing up his abilities, demonstrating to Banester what it was possible for him to do. The observations, beyond the fact that they were observations, were trivial things of no consequence. What mattered it whether the slain woman's hair was bobbed and blonde and she had cleaned her white slippers just before her death? Wouldn't she have died as soon and as thoroughly had she worn her hair in a scalp-lock and her feet encased in hip-boots? I think she would, for one doesn't dress for a murder as a rule. Having thought this, I was not impressed. Besides, when Kelly discovered anything of importance he kept it to himself.

He walked over to the small mahogany desk and began to rummage through a number of small drawers. He gathered together a handful of odds and ends and thrust them abruptly into a pocket of his coat. Then he made a slow circuit of the room. By Banester's desk he paused and studied one of the French doors. The white casing, near to the crystal knob, was streaked with a red smudge. It was the blurred mark of three grimy, bloody fingers.

He opened the door and walked out onto

the porch. Almost directly he went to the railing and looked over to the ground below. At one point the bed of asters planted all along the porch was broken and trampled.

"Come along, Blake," he said to me and dropped over the railing, taking care not to step in the trampled part of the aster bed. "Come along and let's see where this leads."

I followed him.

"You're a fine detective," I protested as he walked across the lawn toward the hedge bordering the road. "Where's your magnifying-lens and tape-measure?" He had hardly given the footprints in the flower-bed more than a passing glance. This, to me, seemed somewhat like overlooking a bet.

Kelly laughed at me. "I suppose I should have made minute examinations and measurements of that finger smear on the door-case and of those footprints in the flower-bed. However, I didn't care to waste the time."

"Waste time! You're here to establish the identity of the murderer, aren't you?"

"If it is at all possible. And I'll never do that through examination—minute examination—of either foot or fingerprints. I already know all I need know."

"My, you're a clever guy! But why keep me in suspense? Tell me, who killed her?"

"With pleasure. The murderer was a small man, not any larger than Mrs. Banester, if that tall. He wore a number six shoe. Also, he wore glasses, which he dropped over the porch railing. He is near-sighted, for he fumbled in the grass for some time searching for the glasses. The first joint of his right index finger is missing."

"Ought to be a cinch to find him with all the information in your head. Going to make the arrest to-night?"

"I don't think so. Anyway, we'll first follow this trail and see what we can see."

"Then you'll have to see more than I do. I don't even see the trail," I told him.

Kelly grinned. "I don't, either—not yet. But it's obvious the man came this way."

"Why obvious?"

"A murderer will naturally try to keep out of sight. To go down the lane toward the state highway would necessitate passing the Cameron house. If he did that some one in the house would be sure to see him. Now what do you observe in this road?"

"Grass."

"You have fair eyesight," was the sarcastic response. "Do you see nothing more?"

I shook my head. "Nope. I'm not cursed with the eagle eye. What see you?"

"Very recently a team of horses hooked to either a drag or harrow was driven up this road. The grass so plain to your eyes is broken and torn up at irregular intervals; the dirt is gouged by the teeth of the tool."

"Then good-by trail," I remarked sadly. "The drag will have obliterated it."

Just then Kelly stopped. He pointed to the left of the road.

"He had an auto. It stood there."

All I noticed were a few tufts of lodged grass. We walked along a bit farther. The trail became more distinct, and finally, when we came upon a stretch of sandy road bare of grass and smoothed by the passing of the drag, we found unusually clean-cut imprints of the tires.

"Now," said Kelly, bending over the plain enough trail, "you're familiar with autos. You should be able to read from these marks."

Several things were very plain to me as I stood looking down at the impressions in the dirt. I could name the manufacturer of each of the rear tires, and I could nearly guess the sizes of the tires.

"I'll tell you what I see," I said to Kelly. "The left rear wheel of the car has a new Faber non-skid cord tire. The right wheel has a Blackstone cord which has been vulcanized. The imprint of the patch is quite plain. From that, measuring the width of the mark and then from one patch print to the next, I would say that the tires are about thirty-two by there and one-half inches. Also, the right wheel wobbles a bit."

"Correct about everything except the wobble," he replied. "You get that from the wavering trail of the tread. But notice how true and straight are the marks of the tire sides in this deep sand. That proves the wheel in good condition. It's the tire

itself that is wrong; the tread was twisted some out of line when it was vulcanized."

"You're right, as usual! And now what about the trail of the twisted tire? Do we follow it until we find the car and then tap the owner gently on the shoulder as we say: 'You did it; follow me'?"

"Not right away. Just now we'll return to the house."

We went back. Banester met us at the door with a huge white parrot perched on his shoulder.

"This is the Devil," he told us. "We'd better take the bird back to town with us. Howard will want to know that it is being taken care of. He's had the Devil, as he calls it, for several years. It's quite an intelligent parrot, given to making very startling remarks."

"How'll we carry it in the car?" I wanted to know.

"It's used to autos," Banester replied with a smile. "Howard has carted it all over the country just perched on the windshield."

"Want to take a ride?" I asked the parrot.

The bird spread its wings as if in anticipation of rushing winds.

"Give 'er the gas, boy; give 'er the gas!" it shrieked. "Let's go!"

Kelly could not resist laughing at the bird. "All right," he answered. "We'll go! But first, I would like to look about in the garage and barns. Then we will have covered practically everything, and it will not be necessary for us to again return here."

There was no such building on the farm as a garage. Howard Banester had an automobile, and we found the machine in the barn. It was a common model of a medium-priced car of a manufacture favored by the farmers of the vicinity. It, at the present moment, was out of commission and stood on jacks. It used thirty-two-by-three-and-one-half-inch tires. The left rear wheel had a new Faber non-skid cord. The right rear wheel was without tire or rim. They had been removed and were nowhere to be found.

"I think we've seen enough," Kelly remarked after a thoughtful moment. "Now we can go back to town."

It was several days after we had visited the scene of Mrs. Banester's murder before Kelly as much as mentioned the case to me. At the time of the murder the grand jury of the county was in session, and young Banester was indicted at once, charged with murder in the first degree. Preparations were made to get his trial under way at once. Both prosecution and defense seemed eager to get the affair out of the way and done with, and it was this seeming eagerness that prompted Kelly to discuss the case with me.

"The Banester trial begins the day after to-morrow," he informed me one evening. "I expect to be called upon to testify both for and against Banester."

"But that's hardly possible," I objected.

"Why not? My testimony will be considered as that of an expert, impersonal. I favor neither the prosecution nor the defense. My one aim is to establish the identify of the real criminal, regardless of who he may be, and point him out to the world. And there I stop. Having found the culprit, it is not for me to punish him; other hands greater than mine must lay the lash across the back I have bared. I care not whose back I bare, provided only it is the right one."

"Well, I guess you won't have much trouble finding the right one in this case," I said, tossing the book I had been reading to the table. "If Banester didn't do that killing, his wife must have broken her own neck."

"I've considered the possibility of an accident," he answered me. "It was entirely possible for Mrs. Banester to topple from the ladder, which we saw in the library, and so come to her death. Admitting that possibility, we have now three distinct trails to follow. It remains for us to select the right one and so establish how she came to her death—whether it was accidental on her part, whether it was accidental on the part of another, or whether it was deliberate murder.

"Let us now first consider that Mrs.

Banester met death through an accident. We have Banester's word for it, and there was plenty of evidence discovered in the room to back him up in his statement that his wife was cleaning. He also tells us that in the morning before he left home she did slip from the ladder and bruise her nose. In that way he accounts for the blood on his shirt. Now, if she had one accident, there is nothing to prevent her from having another. Too, we know she wore high-heeled slippers at the time of her death, and such slippers are at best dangerous things to wear when climbing a ladder. Then we found the ladder fallen against one of the bookcases. The question arises, was Mrs. Banester on the ladder when it fell? If she was the fall without question could have killed her.

"But we found three dirty and bloody finger marks on the casing of the door leading out to a porch. We found footprints in the aster bed, proving some person had jumped from the porch to the ground. Who was that person and what was he doing in the Banester library? We know neither Mrs. Banester nor Howard made the finger- and foot-prints. Neither have lost the first joint of the right index finger, as had the person who left the prints behind. And neither could have made the size footprints found in the aster bed.

"Again, Howard Banester confesses the ownership of a bloody shirt. He admits the blood is Ellen's blood. We find his car has tires corresponding in size to the tires of a car driving away from the house about the time the crime was committed. Also the make of the left rear tire corresponds with the make of the tire on the car leaving the trail we found. The right tire, which would beyond all doubt tell us whether it was or was not Howard's car which left the trail, is missing and cannot be found. Here we have the most evidence against Banester."

He got up and went to the table where, from the drawer, he took a small package of letters.

"While we have the most evidence against Banester," he went on, "I am inclined to discount some of it, for the simple reason that it is so obvious. Murder is a fine art, and though it requires no apprenticeship, no murderer, unless he is a blundering fool, is going to leave a deliberate trail behind him. So, in view of that, we will temporarily set Banester aside.

"Now let us consider the three finger-prints. We can assume they were left on the door casing immediately after the crime was committed. Assuming that, we naturally assume Mrs. Banester had a visitor. Who would visit her so clandestinely during the absence of her husband? It is not hard to guess the answer—a lover. And now, if Mrs. Banester was guilty of having an illicit lover, it is quite natural to imagine that at some time or other previous to her death she received from him letters or at least a letter. I have looked for and found such a letter."

He handed me a small, folded bit of paper. The paper was of a heavy bond, watermarked with a flying eagle. The message on it was written with pen and ink. Originally the note had had a printed head which had been torn off. The paper was stationery from some business office.

This was the note:

"DEAR ELLEN: I am coming to see you to-morrow. I know your husband will not be at home. You and I are coming to some understanding or there is going to be a reason why. MELVIN."

When I had finished examining the note Kelly took it again and replaced it in the table drawer.

"We have now established the fact that Mrs. Banester had what we can call a clandestine lover. We know his name, or part of it, is Melvin. We know his general appearance. We know he wrote her a letter which contained a rather thinly veiled threat. It should not be difficult to find this man. He may have been a very close friend of Mrs. Banester's before her marriage. In that case some one of the family would be able to identify him."

I had a sudden inspiration. "Maybe Banester can identify him. You don't know whether or not Banester saw that letter

from Melvin. He might have made a bluff at starting for town in the morning, circled back and returned to the house by the back road. He might have discovered the two together, slain his wife in a fit of jealous rage and then put Melvin to flight."

"That is possible. Now you see we have a number of threads to pick from before we begin the weaving of our net about the criminal. It only remains for us to pick the right threads. There is no reason why we should hurry and bungle the affair. I am not yet ready to even suggest who the murderer might be. But some of the discoveries we have made should, I think, be laid before the district attorney. I have written for an appointment with him, and he has to-day answered me. To-morrow morning we call upon him."

I was astonished, no less, when I beheld the district attorney. He was a little man and wore glasses. The first joint of the index finger of his right hand was missing. In every way he answered the description of Mrs. Banester's clandestine lover.

Just what sort of an expression my face wore when I looked at the man is difficult for me to say, but whatever it was he read from it what was in my mind. He threw back his head and laughed heartily. Then he held up his right hand for my inspection.

"She's gone," he said, his face beaming with a wide smile, referring to the missing finger joint. "Also I wear a number six shoe." He put his feet up on the table for me to see. "And I wear glasses. If I should happen to drop them, which might happen if I jumped from anything of a height like a porch, I would fumble about for some time before I found them."

"Then—then——"

"Oh, I'll plead guilty to making a few trails around the Banester house. But please don't accuse me of the murder just yet. You know, as district attorney, I have the pleasure of examining the surroundings of the scene of a crime when the crime occurs in my county. So I took a few looks around the Banester place. Incidentally I cut my hand, made a few fingerprints on the nice white casing of one of the French doors, jumped in an aster bed and lost my glasses and did a few other necessary and unnecessary things. But all that was hours after Mrs. Banester was dead."

"Well," I said, hardly knowing what else to say, "we'll let you go this time. But let it be a warning to you. I was just on the verge of tapping you on the shoulder."

He laughed again. "I'll be careful after this," he promised. "I'll have to be. It would be rather inconvenient for the county to have its district attorney accused of murder. In this case it would be sensational, to say the least."

He turned to Kelly.

"The trial begins to-morrow, Mr. Kelly. You'll be called by both sides, I think. Personally, I won't question you. I imagine the defense will permit you to tell your story in your own way. I am sure that would be the best thing to do."

Kelly nodded.

"I don't know what you've found in the course of your examinations," the district attorney went on, "and I don't know what conclusions you have come to, but I'm going to tell you what I think. I think Banester is innocent. I think Mrs. Banester fell from that stepladder and was so killed. There is no evidence of a murder, and I do believe his story about the bloody shirt. But the lad's been indicted and public opinion is pretty much against him, and I think the only thing to do is to let the trial go on. There won't be anything to it; I doubt if it lasts a day. He will be acquitted and cleared of the charge."

"Yes," Kelly agreed, "I think it best to try him. As you say, there isn't much evidence. There is some, and the papers have played it up to their own advantage, of course, and in justice to young Banester he should be acquitted by a jury. It will look better."

"I guess you'll be about the only witness for both sides," the attorney laughed. "So it's up to you to show Banester didn't do it. Now, don't forget to show up in the morning."

"I'll be there," Kelly answered, getting to his feet. "Just pick a good jury and leave the rest to me."

A hush hung over the crowded courtroom when Kelly was called as the first and only witness by the prosecution.

"Now, Mr. Kelly," said the district attorney, "I'll not question you. Tell your story in your own way."

Kelly rose. Not a sound was to be heard in the room.

"There is very little to tell," Kelly began quietly, but his voice was distinctly audible all over the room. "I visited the scene of the crime the second morning after the murder was committed. I made such examinations as I considered necessary. The only clues I seemed able to find were three fingerprints on the casing of a door and some footprints in a flower-bed. Later I learned that Mr. Holden, the prosecuting attorney here, had made those marks himself. He had visited the scene the day previous and had conducted a search of his own."

A titter sounded about the room. The judge rapped for order. The little district attorney was smiling blandly.

"However," Kelly went on when the room was once more quiet, "I did find one thing. In Mrs. Banester's desk I discovered a rather threatening note. Further I found a snapshot of the writer of that note. Of course, that doesn't prove much, but it made me somewhat suspicious. So I wrote a note to the sender of the threatening note. I received a response. The answer I received was written on paper exactly like the paper on which the threatening note was written; the watermark was the same, the penmanship was the same. I submit the two notes and the snapshot to the court as evidence in the case."

He handed the letters and picture to the judge.

Without waiting for a comment from the bench, Kelly continued: "I have also discovered an eyewitness to Mrs. Banester's death."

The district attorney jumped to his feet. "What's that, sir? What's that, sir?" he demanded in a shrill voice. "What was that you said?"

"I said I discovered an eyewitness to Mrs. Banester's death," my friend repeated quietly.

"Impossible! There wasn't any one there," snapped the little man.

"No?" Kelly motioned me to bring forward the large parcel I had carried into court. It was the wrapped cage of the Devil. He carefully removed the paper covering, opened the cage door and took out the bird.

"This parrot belongs to the Banesters," he told the court. "They call it the Devil. With your permission I will prove that this bird witnessed the death of its mistress."

The judge nodded. Kelly tossed the parrot into the air and spoke sharply to it.

"Where's Ellen?" he said.

The great bird for a few breathless seconds beat the air with its huge wings. Then it settled upon the table before which sat the district attorney and his assistants. It cocked its head to one side and eyed the goggled little attorney.

"R—a—awk!" it croaked suddenly. "Ellen! Ha! ha! ha! Ellen's dead! E-e-e-k! My God! Don't do that! Melvin Holden, are you crazy? Don't!"

The room was stunned—as silent as a tomb.

"I now suggest," Kelly cried in a voice loud enough for all to hear, "that Melvin Holden, district attorney of this county, prosecuting attorney of this trial, be asked to explain why he killed Mrs. Howard Banester."

The district attorney got slowly to his feet and stood, his hands in his pockets, a little crooked smile twisting up the corners of his mouth.

"Clever, aren't you, Kelly?" he asked very calmly and quietly. Too quietly, I thought. "Clever guy—you and your White Devil. I forgot about that damned parrot. Oh, I admit I killed her! I had, or thought I had, reason for doing it. I knew Ellen for years; loved her; wanted her. I tried in every conceivable way to get her. Then I determined to take her by force, regardless of consequences. She fought me. She tried foolishly to get away by climbing that stepladder. I threw her from the ladder and broke her neck. That White Devil has repeated her last words almost exactly as she screamed them. You've got the goods

on me. The charge against Banester might as well be dismissed. As for a charge against me, there'll never be one."

Before a man in the room could move to prevent it he snatched a small pistol from his pocket, jammed it against a temple and pressed the trigger.

The charge against Banester was dismissed. Several days later Ross Banester and his son visited our rooms and attempted to pay Kelly for the services rendered them.

"I'll accept no money," my companion said firmly. "But I'll take a gift. I'll take the Devil. I'd like very much to own that bird."

And so White Devil became one of us.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS 20 YEARS AGO

"THIS discussion over spiritualism and spirit photographs amuses me," said Albert H. Hoeckley, a Brooklyn newspaper man, the other day. "I exposed those spirit photographs 20 years ago; the tricks that impressed Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge can be duplicated by any first-class magician.

"I was always greatly interested in magicians, as when a child in Philadelphia I lived only two blocks from Signor Antonio Blitz and played with his children. After I went into the newspaper business I met Harry Keller, Alexander Herrmann, Robert Hellar and his beautiful wife (Haidee Hellar), Cazeneuve, the French magician, Professor Wyman, Professor Hoffman and many others whose names I do not recall.

"Harry Kellar, who died recently in retirement at his home in Los Angeles, was one of the most remarkable men I have ever met. He was well educated, a skilled mathematician and could give the answer to any problem, no matter how involved.

"Many of his tricks he did for me in the Philadelphia *Press* office.

"Kellar, after graduating from a high school in the western part of New York, became an assistant to the Davenport Brothers, who were the original spirit mediums in this country along with the Fox Sisters. Kellar toured with the Davenport Brothers and learned all the weird and gruesome things that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle talks about as being manifestations from another world. Kellar afterwards became assistant to a well-known magician of those days known as the 'Fakir of Ava,' and I fancy that his name was very appropriate. Then Kellar branched out on his own hook and made a tour of the world with varying success. Kellar arrived in Philadelphia after his tour flat broke; his friends fixed him up and he leased the Temple Theatre across Chestnut street from the *Press* office and exhibited there for several years and we became well acquainted. He often visited my office and did his tricks there for the amusement of myself and friends. On one occasion he produced two new small school slates, and asked me from whom I would like a message. At that time General Gordon's fate in Africa was still a mystery, so I said that I would like a message from General Gordon. Kellar placed one hand on mine on a copy desk and held the two slates under the desk with his other. I called on General Gordon to answer, and soon there was heard a scratching on the slates. In a short time the scratching stopped and Kellar opened the slates, one of which was completely covered with writing. The message was ambiguous but could be twisted into a reply that he was safe.

"Then Kellar showed me how it was done. He had prepared the message before he called and had an unframed slate between the two framed ones which covered the writing. He had led me on to ask for the spirit of Gordon, and was all ready for it. He also showed how chairs floated through the air while he was bound in a cabinet. He wore a heavy plain gold ring with a slot on the under side. There was a stout tack or nail in the seat of the chair and he slipped the slot right over it. Then holding his hand flat on the seat of the chair, he waved it all around his head. It is very easy when you know how it is done."

The Last of the Bank Burglars

AMONG the prisoners in the Massachusetts State prison was a slender, pleasant-faced man of middle age. He had a clear blue eye and his appearance was so utterly unlike the conventional idea of the hardened criminal that those who have seen him wondered what he did in the way of crime to bring him behind these bars. And when they asked who he was the keeper smiled queerly and said he was one of the most famous of prisoners. He is one Dunlap, the great bank robber.

Dunlap had to serve a long sentence of twenty years. His conduct had been uniformly good excepting once, when he was detected with other prisoners in a plot to escape. It may be that his commutation for that year was forfeited.

Dunlap was the last of the most notable and successful band of bank robbers that was ever organized in this country. Some of the gang are dead, some are exiles, and some have disappeared so completely that even the keen-eyed detectives do not know where they are, and for many years have had no trace of them.

It was believed that Dunlap would, as soon as he got out, go to that place where is concealed some of the wealth that he helped to steal, and find there his share, or that the person in whose keeping these bonds have been placed would turn them over to him. But some of the detectives believed that he would never get a cent of it, because his pals had long ago disposed of it.

Nothing has been written by novelists who make crime and its detection the theme of their tales that is so strange and highly colored with sensational effects as the story of the organization, exploits, and breaking up of this gang of robbers. In four years they robbed by the most daring and expert methods some six or eight banks, and stole in all about three millions in cash and bonds.

As it was the greatest of robber gangs it was also really the last, though Jimmy Hope afterward organized one for the single purpose of cracking the Manhattan Bank. It was the belief of Inspector Byrnes and of the Pinkertons that the day of organized professional cracksmen, like that gang of which Dunlap was the most daring member, is over, though there is always danger of sporadic attempts at great bank robberies.

From the notes of one of our great detectives and from desultory accounts previously published, and from other sources, is collated the following account of the exploits of the great gang of bank robbers, of whom Dunlap and one other man now alone remain, so far as police knowledge goes:

A bright young fellow, who was born and bred in Warsaw, Illinois, was arrested and convicted by an Illinois court for grand larceny. He was a handsome chap. He had received a fair education, and had a pious mother. But he was bad from early childhood, and was as bold as he was bad. He began life away from home on a Mississippi steamboat, where, from his quick, nervous movements, his skill as a dancer and his agility, he gained the nickname of Hustling Bob Scott.

While he was in the penitentiary he was approached by an older criminal, who was well known to the police throughout the country as Scar-faced Tom, but whose real name was Tom Riley.

Scar-faced Tom first signified to Hustling Bob that he liked his looks, and Scott was pleased with this compliment.

"You've got the stuff in you," said Scar-faced Tom in prison language one day to Scott.

"Glad you think so," was the reply.

And then they gained that intimacy which bars and solitary cells cannot prevent. Scott was delighted with the idea of being put upon the right road for big business in Scar-faced Tom's line, and before their terms expired Riley had promised to bring Scott and another young fellow together just as soon as they got out of jail. This other young fellow was Dunlap, and as soon as Scott was released, the very next day Riley presented him to Dunlap, who had received word from Riley to be in Chicago.

The two young men, as they afterward said, stood staring at each other a moment. Their study of each other was satisfactory. They grasped hands and began a partnership that with a single interruption lasted until the walls of Concord prison closed upon them with a twenty years' sentence before them.

Scott was then about 25 years old. He was six feet tall, and straight as a hickory rod. He was slender, but his muscles were like steel wires. He had large and very black eyes, coal-black hair, and singularly fine teeth, and he lisped just a little when he was in excitement. But he was very cool, and had abundant self-restraint. His voice was low and soft, and his manner was quiet.

Dunlap was born in Scotland, but that is all any one ever learned of his early history. He never spoke of it to his intimates, but there were some indications that vice was not his early experience, and he certainly had some advantages in his boyhood. It was always surmised that he was of good family, and had been the black sheep in it, and it is probable that Dunlap was an assumed name. He, too, was a handsome fellow at an offhand glance. His eyes were blue, his hair brown, and he wore a sandy mustache. He seemed always to be smiling, and for that reason his face was one which would inspire a stranger's confidence. He was a stouter man than Scott, not quite so tall, but, like Scott, of good figure, and very undemonstrative and quiet in his manners.

After Riley had brought them together and chatted with them for a while, he said:

"Now, I've done you guys a good turn. You are just the men who ought to be together. I expect to hear from you pretty soon. When I hear of a good piece of work I shall know who did it," and he left them. His line was different from theirs, and they never saw him again.

Dunlap at once took Scott to New York and introduced him to Billy Connors, a professional crook, though a man who prided himself upon his gentlemanly appearance and demeanor. Connors was known either by name or description to every criminal detective of repute in the country. His specialty was scouting, piping, and preparing for expeditions. He afterward developed some skill as an intermediary between the gang and bank officers who sought to compromise and thus get some of their possessions back.

Scott, Dunlap, and Connors formed the nucleus of the gang, and their theory was that the safest kind of crooked work was that which required big risks, great nerve, fearlessness of danger, and capacity to be patient, and which had for its object the biggest of stakes. That meant bank vaults. Petty thieving they despised, a sneak thief was beneath their contempt, and with swindlers they would not associate. Indeed, Scott gave one swindler the cold shoulder so publicly that the man vowed that he would "get" him if he ever got a chance.

Not long after Scott arrived in New York Connors set out upon an exploring expedition. He reported on his return that he thought good chances were to be found for operation in Cleveland and Dayton, but advised that an attempt be first made upon the Fall's City Bank in Louisville. It was a quick job, and the easiest of all their successful exploits. They robbed the bank of $200,000.

The detectives were in a fog. They saw at once that the workmanship was that of most skillful cracksmen, but who? All of the men capable of such work were located elsewhere. They could not have done it. Connors was suspected, but no trace of him having been in Louisville could be found. So it was clear that new and very dangerous men had joined the ranks of skillful cracks-

men. Who were they? Where were they? New York detectives soon reported that Billy Connors seemed to be unusually flush, though that was only a slight clue, for Connors never appeared to be in any other condition than that of prosperity. But he was very closely shadowed, and soon it was reported that he had for companions two stylish looking chaps about whom nothing was known. The description of these stylish chaps was passed along until it reached Joliet. Then word came back as follows: "The dark man is Hustling Bob Scott, who served a term here for grand larceny."

Down went the name of Hustling Bob into the blotter of every detective agency and in the record of every police office of every city. But Dunlap was not placed at all. All that the detective could learn about him was that his name was Jim Dunlap and that he was crooked. They were convinced that these were the men who robbed the Falls City Bank, but not the slightest clue could they obtain to fasten the crime upon them.

A new gang, dangerous, was the word passed along the detective line. But the new gang was quiet for a year or more, and Connors led the life of fast gentlemen, with plenty of money and no visible means of support.

But neither he nor Dunlap were dissipated. Scott drove a fast horse, settled money on the races, and made friends with a very handsome woman. But he was abstemious about liquor, and Dunlap never drank heavily. He patronized sports, however, and was ready to back some of the young pugilists, as well as cocks and bulldogs. Both men learned the art of stylish dressing from Connors, and spent a great deal of money at their tailors', who were the most fashionable and costly in the city.

In about a year their cash got low, and it was Connors who first suggested that some more work was necessary. While they were preparing for a scouting expedition Connors met John Berry, a bold but not very brainy cracksman, and Berry suggested that the Second National Bank of Elmira offered peculiarly tempting inducements for their line of work.

A few days after that a gentlemanly appearing man registered at the Rathbone House in Elmira. His manner made him friends. He was reserved, and appeared to be busy with private matters. He was in his room a good deal. He never appeared at the bar, and sent no order there. It was understood that he had some idea of buying land a little ways out of Elmira. He was indeed a sober, industrious man, and his name was Billy Connors, and he used his eyes to such purpose that he discovered that the Young Men's Christian Association occupied rooms over the Second National Bank's vaults. He frequented these rooms in the evening, and was welcome. Sometimes he paused a moment at the door, as if to wipe his feet. But his eyes and fingers were on the lock of that door, without avail. The door was iron, and the lock a patent one of which no impression was possible. With this and other information of value Connors departed from Elmira.

He reported to the gang, which had been enlarged by the admission of Red Leary, Bill Cummings, and John Berry, that the bank's vault could be dug into if they could get access to the Young Men's Christian Association rooms at night. But the iron door and the patent lock made an impassable barrier, as they would be obliged to work there many nights, and any tampering with the lock would betray them.

"We can work it if we can get a party that knows about locks interested," suggested Scott. "Try that lay, Billy; or why not get the keys?"

That suggestion was regarded as good. Two days after two young men, supposed to be drummers, appeared in Elmira. They seemed to be strangers. They were introduced by the clerk of the hotel, and seemed to take to one another, and when they requested him to give them information as to where they could go to make a night of it, they got the information and went off, apparently already half full of champagne. But two blocks away from the hotel they were sober men, and amazed would that hotel clerk have been could he have seen them. They took a window pane out of the sash in the house of the secretary of the Y. M.

C. A., and were soon, rubber-footed, in his bedroom. His pockets, bureau drawers, and other places where he would be likely to keep keys were searched, but none were found, and they went away, to enter the hotel a little before dawn in a seeming state of uproarious intoxication.

The amazement of the secretary of the association next morning was great. Burglars had left their tracks in his house, had even rifled his pockets, but not a thing had been taken. Had he left his keys in his trousers pocket that night they would have been taken just long enough to get a wax impression of them.

Scott and Dunlap returned to New York to report their failure and disgust, but were delighted to hear Connors say that he had got on the track of a lock and safe expert, who, he thought, could be worked.

He was a traveling salesman for one of the big safe houses, Connors said, and was a sporting man fond of horses. When in town he frequented a stable in Thirty-fourth street and talked about horses with the men who gathered there. The man who kept this stable, Connors added, used to be a friend of his and in professional business, too, and had promised to sound this safe man.

He has since told how he was approached. One night the livery stable keeper said to him: "Edson, you could make a heap of money without scarcely lifting your finger."

"How?"

"Well, suppose a party came to you and asked for a sample key, and you gave it?"

"That would be funny business. I don't want it."

"How would you know it was funny business? You wouldn't know. You don't know the men, and you'd get as many thousands as there are weeks in the year."

But Edson refused to hear anything more about it. But he did hear more. The insinuations were poured into his ear. Fifty thousand dollars for a key, whose purposes he knew nothing about! That tempted him. Then, when the livery stable man introduced him to a handsome man who had frequented the stable office of late as a man with whom he could talk, Edson listened, was tempted still more, and at last promised to give a key to a man whom he should meet in Elmira and who would give him an impression for $50,000. The man was to be a stranger, but should have a note of introduction and say nothing about the purpose for which he wanted the key.

A few days after Edson went to Elmira where he really had business, and at a hotel a fine-looking young man, well dressed, approached and asked him if his name was Edson. The fine-looking man was the alleged drummer, who had made a night of it a few weeks before and was now on his return trip. He was really Hustling Bob.

He gave Edson a letter of introduction, and then went to Edson's room. Pretty soon he went out, and late in the evening jammed a piece of wax paper into the keyhole of the Y. M. C. A. room. This bit of paper he gave Edson, and in a few days he had the key.

All this had taken nearly a month. A few days after a woman hired a house in the outskirts of Elmira and began housekeeping there. No one ever saw any other person than this woman, though she explained to the grocers, from whom she bought a large quantity of provisions, that she boarded railroad hands, who arrived late at night and were obliged to leave early in the morning.

These railroad hands were Hustling Bob, Jim Dunlap, Red Leary, Billy Connors, Bill Cummings, and John Berry. The woman did not state correctly the hours of their arrival and departure. They left the house separately an hour after midnight, and returned separately, with careful step, just before dawn. They met in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, and worked for three hours nightly at the hardest kind of work. The floor was taken up. The huge stones over the vault were removed and taken, by what must have been the utmost difficulty, to the garret, and each night the flooring was put back so skillfully that no signs of the tampering with it were revealed.

After the stones were removed there appeared big layers of railroad iron. Three weeks of the most patient work were re-

quired to remove the formidable barrier, and it had to be done noiselessly.

At last the opening to the vault was made. Six weeks' work had been required. In another night the richly stored safes would be blown open and another great bank robbery committed. But upon that evening, just as the bank was to be closed, the president discovered bits of plaster on the floor. He was a cautious man. He knew that these bits were signs of danger, and he made an examination. In five minutes, almost paralyzed with fright, he discovered the big hole above. The police were informed, and they bungled their job. Billy Connors was piping for the gang, and his quick eye scented danger. He gave the alarm just as Scott with an air pump and Dunlap with powder and dynamite were approaching the building.

"The job's up, Jim," said Scott, taking to his heels. All of the gang got away except Berry, who was captured in the building. Connors was nabbed at the depot, but after a severe fight he got away. The gang scattered according to prearrangement, and met the next day in a quiet house in Harlem.

It was a bitter disappointment for the gang, but they were men who didn't waste time in regrets. It was one of the chances for which they were constantly on the lookout, and even on the way to New York they had decided on their next move. First they tried to find Edson, but he was away in the South on business for his house. While hunting for him they stumbled across George Mason, a Western burglar, whom Connors knew.

Mason suggested that there were good opportunities at the Quincy, Ill., bank, and a new gang was organized. In it were Scott, who was now the acknowledged leader; Dunlap, Dave Cummings, known to the police as Little Dave; Tom Bigelow, and Billy Flynn. Connors and Leary stayed in New York on another job.

A week's work gave the men admittance to the vault, and one stormy night Scott and Dunlap dropped through the hole into it. They had learned the use of the air pump from Edson. They plugged up all the seams in the safe except a slight crack at the top and bottom. At one crack they placed the fine powder, and at the other the air pump, which, when worked, sucked the powder in. Then Dunlap fastened a pistol at the crack, and by means of a string discharged it. Neither men left the vault. The explosion was terrific, and the smoke suffocating. The safe was ripped open, and, with faces all blackened and Dunlap with his hands burned, they came out with $120,000 in cash and $700,000 in bonds.

The detectives were sure that Scott and his gang had committed the robbery, but not the slightest clue that justified arrest could be found. At this time Scott developed his fondness for the turf, appearing at all the races, and frequently exciting admiration as he drove his very fast trotter Knox up the Boulevard or down the broad road to Coney Island. Dunlap took a trip across the sea. Berry's family was given a handsome sum, and the gang separated to enjoy their sport for the summer.

The screws were put on Edson a few months later when the money was all spent. He was threatened with exposure to his employers and family, when he used his knowledge as a bank safe expert for the benefit of the gang. On the other hand, he was promised rich rewards if he would tell them where weak bank vaults were and how to operate them.

He yielded. He suggested the National Bank in Saratoga, the Long Island Bank, and one at Nantucket. An attempt was made on the Long Island Bank, but was given up because Scott and Dunlap had quarreled.

Scott then took the gang, except Dunlap, to Covington. The bank which he meant to crack there was under the opera house, and the orchestra seats in it were taken up every night to permit working in the vault. When the opening was made Scott jumped down into the vault alone and blew a safe open with nitro-glycerine, standing in one corner of the vault at the time. The explosion partly deafened him permanently. Groping through the smoke, with his hands he seized what appeared to be cash and bonds and rammed the packages into a rubber bag that

hung like a haversack at his side. When they came to look at their booty they found they had $400,0000 in cash and $1,500,000 in bonds. The bonds are understood to have been returned on compromise, but the money was divided.

A year later the money had been gambled, drunk, and dissipated away. Dunlap had made up with Scott, and proposed to crack a bank in Pittston. They got into the vault by working from the roof. Scott and Dunlap dropped down into it. They worked for an hour on one safe, causing twelve explosions, some with powder and some with glycerine, which one of the gang outside held in a can, while Dunlap went back and forth after it for each charge. At the twelfth explosion the safe yielded, but Scott and Dunlap came out so exhausted that they could not walk, and Scott was almost unconscious. He had also inhaled smoke, which developed afterward a fatal disease. But he had $60,000 in bonds in his hand.

A year later George Miles, the Barre Bank burglar, suggested the robbery of the Northampton Bank. Edson was compelled to get impressions of the four keys to the vault. He did so while pretending to be sent by his employers—the safe company—on a visit of inspection. He also induced the directors to give the combination of the safe to the cashier.

Scott's scheme was to compel the cashier at the point of the pistol, in the dead of night, to go with them to the bank and give them the combination; and though so audacious that even Connors and Leary believed it would fail, it was carried out to the letter, and just at dawn the gang went away with $1,500,000 in cash and bonds.

Negotiations were at once opened with the bank authorities for the return of the bonds for a cash payment, but the burglars wanted 50 per cent. While these negotiations were pending, Edson, who had been snubbed and abused by the gang, and given no money, squealed. He supplied the information that justified arrest, and as Scott and Dunlap were stepping off a car at Philadelphia, Detective Robert Pinkerton, Detective Dick O'Connor, afterward Captain O'Connor of the police force, put the nippers on them. Red Leary was subsequently arrested at very great personal risk by Pinkerton, but he dug a hole through Ludlow street jail and escaped. He has never been seen since in this country. Billy Connors was also arrested, and he walked out of Ludlow street jail, too, and never was seen again. Two other members of the gang were never arrested nor their names made public.

The private owners of bonds were very anxious to get them back, and Scott and Dunlap promised to return ninety per cent. of the bonds if they were not prosecuted. The bondholders were ready to consent, but the State officers would not.

Great was the surprise when the burglars were brought out for trial. Instead of brutal-looking roughs that they were imagined to be, the people saw two fine-looking, gentle-mannered men, dressed in good taste, and of quite pleasing address. The only time they showed their nature was when Edson appeared on the stand to testify against them. He had been closely guarded for months by Pinkerton's men, for it was feared he would be shot.

The men were convicted and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, which by good conduct could be shortened to about twelve years. Only Dunlap survived. Scott never lost his nerve, but he lost his health, and, though he knew he was going to die, he would not betray the hiding-place of the bonds. He died of consumption.

Dunlap had been begged and pleaded with, and even promised efforts to secure his pardon if he would give up the bonds, whose hiding-place he was believed to know.

But he only laughed and said that he was going to have a good time when got out.

Secret Societies

THE MAFIA and the Camorra, the one peculiar to Sicily, the other to Naples, owe their origin to the necessity in past times of the exercise of individual action against the evils of bad foreign government and the failure of justice. The habit of tyranny gradually acquired by the two associations in certain circles very soon resulted in the establishment of an illegal government, carried on at the same time, and within the legal government. The Mafia and Camorra of to-day, now that the original cause of their being has ceased, have few, if any, members among the higher classes, and derive the greater number of their associates from the prisons. Thence the evil again filters into the civil administration and courts of justice where often, even now, favor and protection are bought and sold.

Since 1881 the Camorra has been declining in Naples, and it is not thought that it can exist much longer. The old popular customs are disappearing, and the very mental habit of the Neapolitan people is being sensibly modified. The "High Camorra"—that is, certain closely united circles formed of men of position, who recurred to the Camorra proper to assist them or who personally practiced intimidation, making life difficult to those who in any way opposed them—has almost altogether ceased, unable to face the severe punishment and public indignation which follow any discovery of its deeds. But the Camorra proper has been very active within the last ten years, and no doubt still exists.

It is a popular custom in old Naples to play cards in the cafés. When a game is finished, you will often see one of the lookers-on walk straight up to the winner of the game and claim and receive a certain portion of his profits. The bold fellow is a Camorrist.

Near the custom houses at the limits of the city, where the town dues on country produce are paid, may be remarked, any day, groups of men waiting to levy a second illegal tax on the vegetable carts that enter the city. These, too, are Camorrists. The same thing obtains in the public market; the Camorrists walk about, demanding and obtaining a certain percentage on the sales. Police inspectors who turn over the sale books of the venders assert that they constantly find inscribed the sums paid to the Camorra.

In this and similar ways every kind of humble industry pays a tribute to the association—a slight sum where the industry is honest, an exorbitant sum in the case of illegal trades which are obliged to hide from the police, such as clandestine lotteries, receivers of stolen goods, gambling houses; and the very thieves, when not members of the nefarious association themselves, are forced to yield up a portion of their booty.

The head of the society was well known to the police of Naples, but he so well knew how to save appearances that he succeeded in keeping himself out of the reach of the law. At that time the discipline of the association was very strict. The city was divided into so many quarters, each of which had its special chief of the Camorra. To this man the Camorrists of the quarter had to make a report every morning, and if any one of them forgot to fold his hands in the prescribed fashion, or spoke before he was addressed, he received a violent box on the ear from the chief, and submitted to the indignity without a word. A Camorrist who had involuntarily betrayed a fact damaging to the society was summoned to a dinner given by the members, placed in a corner of the room and subjected to all sorts of ill-treatment. He was spat upon, hit, pulled by the nose, etc., and his punish-

ment only ceased when the meeting ended. At one time the society was very numerous in Borgo Loreto, one of the low quarters of Naples, and a zealous policeman, named Borelli, was the terror of the quarter. An aspirant to the honor of membership in the Camorra, named Esposito, offered to free the society from this pest. He killed the policeman in one of the dark streets of the quarter by shooting him with a revolver, and was immediately advanced to the full honors of the Camorra. Flowers and comfits were showered upon him as he walked about, a banquet was given in his honor, and on his being arrested a subscription was opened to pay an advocate in his defense. He was obliged to be tried at Viterbo, as it had been noticed that when the jury belonged to the same place where the crime was committed, they either gave a scandalous acquittal, in spite of condemnatory evidence, or paid dearly for their love of justice. Esposito was condemned at Viterbo to thirteen years' penal servitude.

Such was the Camorra at Naples. But let the devil have his due. Merciless as the Camorra sometimes was, its members were very loyal to each other, and were not without a sense of gratitude to outsiders who happened to do them or theirs a benefit. When the police failed in discovering a thief, it was often possible to get back the object stolen by means of the Camorra, and sometimes the society has been known to promise and actually afford protection to individuals.

Not many years ago a foreigner resident in Naples gave up a large portion of his time to endeavoring to improve the condition of the poor—becoming a sort of city missionary. In this capacity he once had occasion to assist, without knowing who she was, the mother of a Camorrist, then in prison. During the rest of his life (he is now dead, and when he died a great crowd of the poor of Naples attended his funeral and covered his grave with flowers) the Camorrists constantly proved their gratitude for his benevolence to the mother of their comrade, and even extended this gratitude to one of his near friends. This gentleman was once walking late at night in old Naples, when a man accosted him, saying: "What are you doing here at this time of night? It is not safe." And he thereupon accompanied him to a larger and more frequented street, pointing out as they walked along the figures of certain persons lurking in the doorways and angles of the dark and narrow streets, and telling him that they were thieves in ambush. Having placed the gentleman in safety, the man raised his hat, remarking: "Be more prudent another time," and went away.

Not long afterward the same gentleman and a friend were returning from Cape Misenum, and halted at Bacoli to dine and rest. The little inn was full of people of the lower class, mostly from Naples, who made way for the gentlemen, and insisted on their being served first. When they were ready to depart, a hackney coachman offered to drive them to Naples. They accepted, and on the road the coachman spoke warmly in praise of the dead missionary, to whom he expressed great gratitude for having procured him good nursing when he was ill. Having landed the gentlemen at their own door he drove away, refusing any remuneration.

The Mafia and Camorra, attacked by repeated and vigorous prosecutions, are now passing through a process of evolution. The members of Camorra, as it is now, avoid actual crime, but profit in many ways by the criminal class and by every political agitation. The assassination of a chief of police at New Orleans again raised the question in Naples whether the Mafia is as powerful as it used to be. That it still exists in some measure there is no doubt; but it has undergone a modification, and is no longer practiced by any but the lowest class, while the Mala Vita (bad life) is the name now given to all bands of malefactors throughout Italy.

The Mala Vita is supposed to be divided into two portions, the smaller of which consists of neither forgers nor thieves, but only accoltellatori (literally "those who wound with the knife"); the other portion, much more numerous, has a certain resemblance to the old Camorra of Naples. A charac-

teristic of the members of the Mala Vita is their practice of tattooing the skin with the strangest patterns, the favorite figure being a heart transfixed by an arrow. The arms are the favorite limbs for the operation, but a famous member of the Mala Vita has been found to be tattoed all over the body, with the exception of the hands and face. The porters of Naples are in the habit of tattooing themselves, and often employ the figure of the heart or their own name or surnames; but there is a difference between them and the members of the Mala Vita, who use tattooing as a kind of initial ceremony, a proof of their scorn of pain; and it seems a point of honor with the chiefs to be tattooed on a larger scale than the others. In fact, one of the most feared of the heads of the sect, now in prison at Bari, has not an inch of his body that is not tattooed. He is covered with intricate lines and patterns, figures of serpents, horses' heads, proverbs, men's and women's names, etc.

The tattooers, who are very clever, are specially recompensed, but their number is decreasing. In Naples almost all the women of the criminal classes have a violet-colored spot below the left eye, which looks like a birth mark, but which is made on purpose. A miserable woman in one of the low quarters of Naples was asked why she had no spot under her eyes, and replied, "I am not one of those," and refused to utter another word.

Tattooing is a favorite amusement in the prisons. One convict was found to have the name Carmels, with the date March 28 tattooed on his body. Another had a crescent moon on his breast, and below it a sun with eyes, nose and mouth, then an undecipherable sign, and last of all a heart pierced with a dagger, and a cricifix turned upside-down. Another man was tattooed with the figures of a man and a woman fighting a duel. A beautiful girl, well known in the slums of Naples, had a frightful oath tattooed on her white left arm. In the prisons, it is said, the members of the Mala Vita scratched on the walls with a nail all sorts of signs and intricate lines, intended for the instruction of future prisoners belonging to the society, who were able to read them like a book.

The crimes committed by the members of the Mala Vita are of every kind, stabbing being perhaps the most frequent. The sale and hiding of stolen goods, brigandage in mountainous and cattle stealing in agricultural districts, takes place under its protection, and its members are said to be bound by the most horrible oaths.

The increase of the Mala Vita seems to be shown by the recent raid in the Province of Puglia, leading to the trial of no less than 179 prisoners at Bari, where rumors of the existence of such an association begun to spread, there having been committed a number of crimes which bore a great resemblance to each other. The chief of police set to work, and nearly the above named number of suspected persons were arrested, but it was found that the very persons who denounced them had themselves committed similar crimes, so they were arrested, too. The chief newspaper editor in Bari does not believe that all these malefactors were banded together; but that is the belief of the police. At any rate, some of the prisoners are accused of stabbing an English captain, who reproved them for laziness while they were unloading his ship.

It is difficult to ascertain the truth about the Mafia, Camorra, or Mala Vita, for witnesses called to support accusations are often paralyzed by the threat written on the walls of the houses: "He who is silent will be rewarded; he who speaks will be killed." So not only members of the association are silent, but even honest men are silent, too, unless they are more than usually courageous.

The antidote to the Mafia, Camorra, and Mala Vita is penal servitude; and it is a fact that since sentences have become milder, the conditions have not improved, but, on the contrary, the criminal classes have become more audacious. It is seldom that an arrest can be made without resistance on the part of the arrested, and policemen and carbineers are not only subjected to kicks, blows and bites, but are not seldom shot or stabbed. The chiefs of police at Naples have been very active in denouncing crim-

inals, and it is some time since a crime of any magnitude in Naples has been attributed to the Camorra or Mafia, but there are innumerable cases of stabbing, the causes of which are not evident. One case quite lately was found really to be the result of a quarrel between Camorrists who were dividing the profits they had claimed from a gambling house. It happens very often in Naples that when a person has been found wounded he says he did not recognize his assailant, but the fact is that he dare not name him for fear of incurring further vengeance.

The vast emigration going on from Italy is a proof that there is a great amount of distress in the country, and there is no doubt that as the misery of the people increases the Camorra revives again, and intimidation is practiced in all sorts of ways.

The more old industries are developed and new ones introduced the more prisons are improved and the prisoners kept to real and remunerative work, the more bold and strict surveillance is practised by the police, the more will the Mafia and Camorra, in all their branches, decline, and we may hope, finally disappear. But that time is not yet. The serpent is scotched, but not killed; it still creeps about; nourishing itself on the vile of every rank, and ready at every favorable opportunity to dart its fangs into society. Its destruction is a matter of civilization, and as a fact, the South Italian people, among whom it thrives best, are in many ways extremely bold.

I must, however, add that the evil, here as elsewhere, hides itself from the general view, and, perhaps, even has a less brutal form than what we see among the criminal class in America. The Italian people are violent and passionate, but not brutal. I have never read of a case of wife-kicking or slow murder by poisoning coming before the courts.

HANGED TWICE

BENNIE SWIM, the youthful murderer who had been twice reprieved, was hanged at Woodstock, N. B., Oct. 6, with difficulty. Strung up by one hangman, he was cut down four minutes later, supposedly dead, only to be found still living. A second hangman then took up the grisly work. The murderer, unconscious, was carried again to the gallows, the trap was sprung anew and this time the body was allowed to hang until life had passed.

Swim, 20 years old, left with the Rev. H. W. Bragdon a signed statement admitting the shooting of his cousin, Mrs. Olive Trenholm and her husband, Harvey Trenholm, at the Trenholm home at Benton Ridge last March.

Convicted of the killing of his cousin, Swim was sentenced to be hanged on July 15. He gained a reprieve until Sept. 15 by shamming insanity. To the Rev. Mr. Bragdon he admitted that his actions were feigned.

Fellow prisoners had suggested he might save his life in that way, he said. When the second date for his execution came round there was no hangman to be had, and it was not until recently that one could be obtained. Then two were on hand.

Swim was very weak when called upon to go to the gallows. He had been ill with tonsilitis for several days, but was able to ascend the execution platform with little assistance. He prayed continuously as preparations for the hanging went on. These were made in the darkness just before dawn.

After four minutes suspension, Swim was pronounced dead and the body was cut down by the hangman, who had given his name as M. A. Doyle of Montreal. A few minutes later, however, faint heart action was noted, although the murderer had lost consciousness completely. He was again hung.

The other hangman, whose identity was concealed under the same assumed name of M. A. Doyle, was called upon to take over the second hanging. A new rope was adjusted and the execution was completed.

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His Desperate Leap

AFTER six years of fancied security, during which he had become a prosperous Texas ranchman, Ludwig Risch, a native of Grasseau, Prussia, was borne back to the Fatherland in irons to answer to the charge of murder and robbery. According to papers lodged in the office of the secretary of State at Washington Risch, before leaving his native town, bought from Franz Schanalentzky, also of Grasseau, a mill for which he paid 85,000 marks in coin. The morning after the purchase Schanalentzky had disappeared and the next day Risch left home, saying he was going to France. But he did not return. About a year afterwards the remains of Franz Schanalentzky were found in the woods, bearing evidence that he had been murdered. A poor shepherd of the neighborhood fell under suspicion, was arrested, lodged in jail and accused of the murder. After a long term of imprisonment the shepherd's courage gave way; friends, who had all along been confident of his innocence, set to work in earnest to prove it, and after some time discovered a number of clues that pointed directly to the absent Risch as the guilty man. Parties were found who had witnessed his departure and who stated that he carried with him a package which looked very much as if it contained money. It was then discovered that Risch had stopped but a short time in France, but had sailed for America.

The inquiry was extended to this country, and Risch was located by detectives in Texas, where he was living under an alias and making money rapidly as a ranchman. Extradition warrants were obtained and sent to Texas, where they were served by the United States Marshal at Galveston, and a deputy brought the prisoner North to deliver him to the German consul-general in New York. As the train on which he came was crossing the Delaware River at Trenton, N. J., Risch, who was not handcuffed, leaped through the window of the rapidly moving car into the river. The train was stopped and the accused man recaptured unhurt. He was not allowed to change his dripping clothes, but was securely manacled and safely landed in Jersey City, where a deputy marshal met the party.

He intended to send Risch back by a steamer, but when he arrived with the prisoner at the pier the ship had already started. A tug was at once secured, Risch put aboard, and after a lively chase the Wess was overhauled in the lower bay and the prisoner put aboard. He made the voyage under lock and key, and on the steamer's arrival on the other side was placed on trial.

Mystery Magazine

The feature stories already published in this magazine are worth reading. The following are the titles of the novelettes contained in the numbers already printed.

1 "The Eel Man," by Robert Carlton Brown.
2 "Zitana of Maison Rouge," by F. W. Doughty.
3 "The Mysterious Web," by Armstrong Perry.
4 "Under the Hypnotic Spell," by Dr. H. Enton.
5 "The Silken Sheath," by Crittenden Marriott.
6 "A Fortune Teller's Secret," by Gladys Hall.
7 "The Mystic Emblem," by Marie Coolidge Rask.
8 "The Cards of Fate," by William Goode.
9 "Mr. Bachellor's Apartments," by W. H. Osborne.
10 "The Inner Wheel," by Octavius Roy Cohen.
11 "The Voice of the Valley," by Robt. C. Brown.
12 "The Sign of the Seven Sharks," by C. F. Oursler.
13 "Under a Mask," By Crittenden Marriott.
14 "Case 4,444," by Gladys Hall.
15 "After a Million," by Police Captain Howard.
16 "Shadowing the Blue Triangle," by C. F. Oursler.
17 "The Case of Captain Fortesque," by R. Ingalls.
18 "The Bird-Headed Sphinx," by Edith S. Tupper.
19 "The Double Mystery," by Dr. Harry Enton.
20 "The Magician Detective," by C. F. Oursler.
21 "King Cobra Mystery," by George Gilbert.
22 "The Haunted Corridors," by Wm. H. Osborne.
23 "No Man's Man," by Maxwell Smith.
24 "The Trevor Puzzle," by T. C. Harbaugh.
25 "The Trail of Roses," by Edmund Condon.
26 "The Hindoo Vanishing Clue," by Pauline Bouve.
27 "Who Was Guilty?" by Beulah Poynter.
28 "The Evil Eye," by Chas. F. Oursler.
29 "The Thirteenth Door," by Edith S. Tupper.
30 "The Game of Detective Carew," by L. Jerome.
31 "Law-maker and Law-breaker," by B. Poynter
32 "The Counterfeit Heiress," by Inspector Harrigan.
33 "Tracked to China," by Chief Roger O'Brien.
34 "After the German Spies," by May Halsey Miller.
35 "The Clue in the Box," by Alexander Douglas.
36 "Trained by a French Detective," by Rene Renaud.
37 "A Drop of Ink," by Lieut. Robt. W. Warden.
38 "The Ten Doctors," by Allan Arnold Fox.
39 "The Stain on Page 61," by Chas. T. Jordan.
40 "A Masked Mystery," by Police Sergeant Kelly.
41 "The Black Soul," by Beulah Poynter.
42 "The Sanctuary," by Wm. H. Osborne.
43 "The Mystery of the Seven Shadows," by Chas. F. Oursler.
44 "The Sign of the Dragon," by C. Martin Eddy, Jr.
45 "The Magic of Detective Woo Fang," by Frank F. Whitfield.
46 "The Decoy," by William Hamilton Osborne.
47 "The House With 30 Steps," by Ralph D. Porter.
48 "When the Clock Struck 13," by Dr. Harry Enton.
49 "A Piece of Blotting Paper," by Dorothy Weber.
50 "The $200,000 Mystery," by Ethel Rosemon.
51 "The Case of Dr. Brice," by Mary R. P. Hatch.
52 "The Phantom Motor," by Laura R. Montgomery.
53 "The Blackjack," by William H. Osborne.
54 "The Whispering Head," by Chas. F. Oursler.
55 "The Inspector's Strange Case," by B. Poynter.
56 "The Secret of the Sealed Book," by E. Rosemon.
57 "The Clue of Steel," by Willis Lathrop.
58 "Alias Louis Vardon," by Wm. H. Osborne.
59 "Mystery of the Old-Time Club," by C. Bingold.
60 "Caught With the Evidence," by Ethel Rosemon.
61 "A Little Gold Spider," by Cecil Burleigh.
62 "The Velvet Touch," by Julian Darrow.
63 "The Clue of the Red Lamp," by C. F. Oursler.
64 "The Scheme of Solomon Snare," by W. Osborne.
65 "Quicker Than the Eye," by Ralph Cummins.
66 "The Clue of the Dark Room," by H. Craigie.
67 "The Tongue of Osiris," by Marc Edmund Jones.
68 "Detective Wade's Big Case," by E. Rosemon.
69 "The Spirit Bell," by Charles Fulton Oursler.
70 "The House Behind the Wall," by Julian Darrow.
71 "The Admiral's Spoons," by Wm. H. Osborne.
72 "The Canine Clue," by Thomas J. Lally.
73 "The Psychic Enemy," by Arthur Wm. Anderson.
74 "The Wonder Girl," by Ralph Cummins.
75 "On the Wrong Trail," by Ethel Rosemon.
76 "The Spirit Witness," by Chas. F. Oursler.
77 "The Little White Room," by Edmund Jones.
78 "The Stolen Year," by Edmund Elliot.
79 "The Affair at Hollywood House," by W. Kofoed.
80 "A Keyless Mystery," by Hamilton Craigie.
81 "Professor Satan," by Charles Fulton Oursler.
82 "Who Killed McNally?" by Beulah Poynter.
83 "The Clue of the Whorl," by Katherine Stagg.
84 "The 'Czar' and the Ring," by Edmund Elliot.
85 "The Clue of Flame," by Jack Bechdolt.
86 "The Face in the Crowd," by Edmund Jones.
87 "The Man in Room No. 7," by Chas. F. Oursler.
88 "Four Ten-Dollar Bills," by Henry G. Howland.
89 "A Challenge to Power," by Dr. Harry Enton.
90 "The House Next-Door," by Captain Howard.
91 "The Trance Detective," by Chas. F. Oursler.
92 "Friday at Twelve," by Katherine Stagg.
93 "By the Left Hand," by Hamilton Craigie.
94 "The Melody of Death," by Jack Bechdolt.
95 "The Trick of the Great Yen How," by William Hamilton Osborne.
96 "At Moriarity's," by Fred S. Shuey.
97 "The Lost Star of the Films," by Jack Bechdolt.
98 "Counterfeit Clues," by Chas. F. Oursler.
99 "The Cross," by W. S. Ingram.
100 "The Secret Service Mystery," by Hamilton Craigie and Elliot Balestier.
101 "A Crimson Price," by Elliott Lester.
102 "The Inspector's Strange Case," by G. Jacobs.
103 "A Museum Mystery," by Jack Bechdolt.
104 "The Little Red Book," by J. Alexander Young.
105 "A Man from Siam," by Chas. F. Oursler.
106 "The Clue of the Emerald Ring," by B. Poynter.
107 "Hell's Hinges," by Hamilton Craigie.
108 "The Wolf," by Katherine Stagg.
109 "The Brass Button," by Jack Bechdolt.
110 "A Whispering Mummy," by Chas. F. Oursler.
111 "Trapping the Jewel Smugglers," by B. Poynter.
112 "The Missing Evidence," by Harold F. Podhaski.
113 "A Clue by Radio," by Capt. Jack Static.
114 "The District Attorney's Secret," by C. Oursler.
115 "A Man From Headquarters," by H. Craigie.
116 "The Girl in the Case," by Carl Glick.
117 "A Scientific Detective," by D. G. McDonald.
118 "Number Nine Queer Street," by Jack Bechdolt.
119 "Trailed by a Private Detective," by Gottlieb Jacobs.
120 "The Mouse Trap," by Edith Sessions Tupper.

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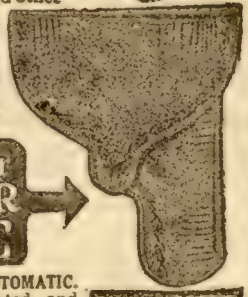

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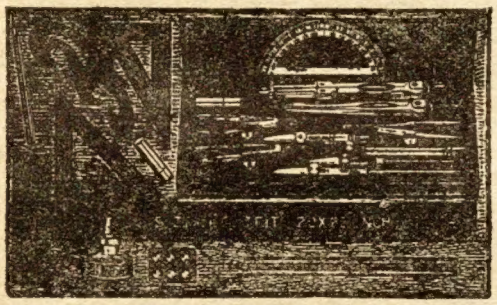

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Chief Draftsman Dobe
4001 Broadway, Div. 1477 Chicago, Ill.

Free Course Offer Coupon

Chief Draftsman Dobe
4001 Broadway, Div. 1477 Chicago

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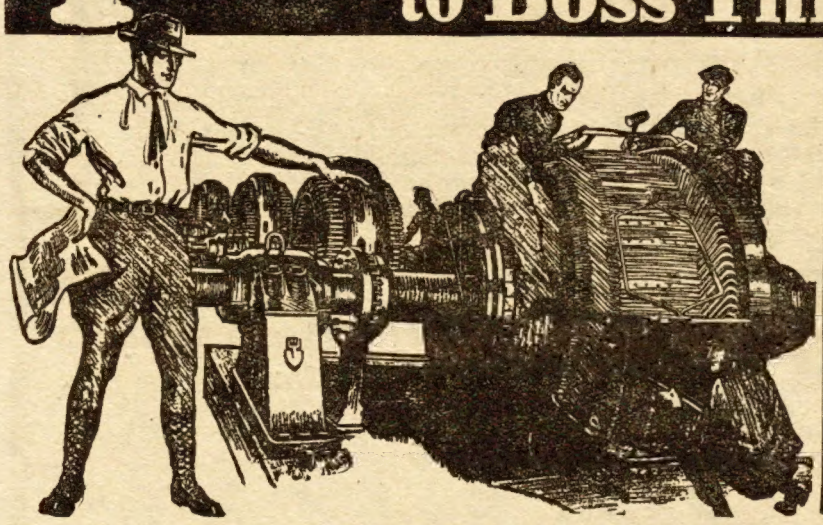

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